NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCCCLIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1894.

THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

BY THE PRESENT LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, THE RIGHT HON. LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

IN these lines I propose to speak of Lord Coleridge as I knew him at the Bar, on the Bench, and in Society. It is not my purpose to speak of his early life nor of his career at Eton and at Balliol, where he laid the foundation of that wide scholarship which in these dull, prosaic, practical days is gradually becoming rarer in those who achieve great positions either on the Bench or in political life.

He was called to the Bar in 1847, and began his career with many favorable attending circumstances. His father, still on the Bench, was a respected if not a great Judge, and Mr. Coleridge brought with him to the Temple the reputation of ripe scholarship, and, from the Union at Oxford, the promise of remarkable gifts of speech. To these he added a distinguished presence and a voice the beauty of which I have not often known surpassed. Indeed, if I except the voices of perhaps Sir Alexander Cockburn, Mr. Gladstone, the present Sir Robert Peel, and the late Father Burke of the Dominican Order, I shall have exhausted the list of those who may be said to have been his

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superiors in this respect. At the Bar, his rise was rapid; but, until the later years of his professional life, and, indeed, until after he had served as a Law Officer, I have reason to think that his income did not approach that of many men in general practice at the Bar in recent times.

His Circuit (the Western) did not introduce him in any considerable degree to the heavy commercial work which abounded in those days at the Guildhall and on the Northern Circuit; but after he had obtained his silk gown in 1861, there were few of those cases known nowadays as "*causes célèbres*" in which his services were not eagerly sought after. It was my own good fortune to have been concerned (playing very minor parts) soon after I was called to the Bar, in three causes which brought him great renown. The first of these was the Windham Lunacy Case, in which Sir Hugh Cairns and Mr. John Karslake appeared for Windham; Mr. Coleridge for the lady whom Windham had married; and Mr. Montagu Chambers and Mr. Field, now Lord Field, for General Windham, the petitioner. I held a watching brief for Lady Guibilie, the mother of Mr. Windham. If Sir Hugh Cairns's speech was the greatest and Mr. Montagu Chambers's the most vigorous, Mr. Coleridge's was certainly the most graceful and eloquent delivered on that occasion. His peroration ran thus:

"It is neither my duty nor my inclination to say a single word in favor of profligacy or of vice. 'Stolen waters are sweet and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell.' Far be it from me to cast a shadow of doubt upon the truth of those sublime and tremendous words, but nothing can be more absurd, and even cruel, than to take a sanctimonious view of Mr. and Mrs. Windham's life, to confound sin and vice with insanity, and to accept immorality and irreligion as proofs of legal incapacity. If religion is to be invoked by the other side, I have no hesitation in saying that I would far rather be the Magdalene who washed her Divine Master's feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head than the self-complacent Pharisee who condemned the woman because she was a sinner, and who tried to plume himself before Almighty God upon the outer regularity of his decorous life. Under any other circumstances, I would ask your verdict for Mr. Windham with the utmost confidence and with absolute certainty of success; and even in this case, in spite of the mountain of prejudice which has been excited, I appeal to you, with all the earnestness and energy which I can command, and in the name of law, honor, and justice, to acquit Mr. Windham and his wife of the filthy and infamous charges which have been so cruelly, so ruthlessly, and so basely pressed against them."

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In *Fitzgerald* against *Northcote*, an action brought by a son of the late Lord Fitzgerald against the Reverend Dr. Northcote, President of Oscott College, for expulsion from the school, Mr. Coleridge represented the plaintiff, while his great rival at the Bar, Mr. Karslake, represented the defendant. Mr. Coleridge delivered in that trial most masterly speeches both in opening and in reply, eventually winning the verdict for his client. As some of the persons concerned in that case are still living, it is proper to say that the grounds on which it was sought to justify the expulsion involved no moral imputation upon the pupil expelled; at the most, he was accused of breaches of discipline, and of having taken part in the formation of a kind of secret society amongst the students, which in the opinion of the authorities of the college was likely to prove subversive of discipline.

The action of *Saurin* against *Starr* was one of the most remarkable cases in which he was engaged. It was an action brought by an Irish lady who had joined the branch established at Hull of the religious order known as the Sisters of Mercy. The Superior had, in fact, complained to the ecclesiastical authorities and compelled the lady to leave the convent; and, thereupon, she brought an action in respect of the expulsion and for libel. The case excited great interest at the time—great interest naturally among the Catholic community, and still more amongst the non-Catholic community. It is not, I think, uncharitable to say, as to the latter, that it was anticipated, if not hoped, that the inquiry might throw a lurid light upon the incidents of conventual life. In this respect, the disappointment was great. The incidents of the case were devoid of sensation, and, in any other connection, would have been devoid of interest. No grave moral imputation was made against the plaintiff, and no serious misconduct was, on her part, alleged against the community of which she had been a member. Her case was that, without cause, she had been expelled, and that, without justification, her conduct had been represented as incompatible with conventual life. The case for the convent may be summed up in a sentence: That Miss Saurin had no vocation, that she was incapable of submitting to the strict discipline found necessary in religious communities, that she broke bounds, spoke when she ought to have been silent, and did not observe the small rules of conventual life ordained by those in authority. The charac-

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ter of the evidence may be illustrated by an amusing incident which occurred in the course of the cross-examination by Mr. Coleridge of Mrs. Kennedy, a lady who held the office of Mistress of Novices. Mrs. Kennedy mentioned among other peccadilloes that on one occasion she had found Miss Saurin in the pantry eating strawberries when she ought to have been attending to a class of poor children, or some such duty. The cross-examination proceeded thus:

Mr. Coleridge: "Eating strawberries, really!"
Mrs. Kennedy: "Yes, sir; she was eating strawberries."
Mr. Coleridge: "How shocking!"
Mrs. Kennedy: "It was forbidden, sir."
Mr. Coleridge: "And did you, Mrs. Kennedy, really consider there was any harm in that?"
Mrs. Kennedy: "No, sir, not in itself, any more than there was any harm in eating an apple; but you know, sir, the mischief that came from that."

In the course of his reply, Mr. Coleridge was severe upon the ladies of the community for the serious view they took of the most trivial things, and, while admitting the good work that they accomplished, attacked them with bitterness in relation to their conduct towards the plaintiff. It was an impressive and powerful speech. One flash in it can recall. "Gentlemen," he said, "I cannot help thinking that people who devote themselves to that life imitate too exclusively one part of the life of our Divine Lord, and forget the other,—they remember and imitate the forty days in the Wilderness and the lonely hours in the garden and on the mountain, and they fail to bear in mind the marriage of Cana and the Feast of Bethany." He obtained a verdict for his client, but questions of law of a serious kind were ultimately raised. A rule for setting aside the verdict was obtained, and the litigation was then dropped.

I cannot forbear mentioning in connection with this case a distinguished contemporary, at the Bar, of Mr. Coleridge, who led against him in this litigation; I mean Mr. George Mellish, afterwards Lord Justice Mellish. No two men could be more dissimilar. Mr. Mellish was of small stature and weak physique. He was an almost constant sufferer from gout. He was a great lawyer, and without any exception the most lucid arguer *in banc* I have ever heard. A case like the Convent Case was quite out of his ordinary line; but he threw himself into it with the greatest zeal, and, although suffering acutely from an attack of gout

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and requiring each morning and evening to be treated by his doctor to enable him to be present in court, he stayed manfully at his post, and delivered for the community one of the finest *nisi prius* speeches I ever listened to.

Sir Alexander Cockburn tried the case, and it afforded a strong illustration of a peculiarity in that remarkable man which those who practised before him will recognize. He began by being breast high with the plaintiff, and so continued during the earlier stages of the trial; but, as the case progressed, and especially after Mr. Mellish's opening speech, he speedily turned round, and did all he could to secure a verdict for the defendants. But it was too late. The case was of a kind not unnaturally to excite prejudice against them, and the minds of the jury could not be turned back from the direction which the earlier action of the Chief Justice had given them.

Mr. Karslake, afterwards Sir John Karslake, was Mr. Coleridge's great rival at the bar; they were great friends as well as great rivals. Both were men of fine presence, Mr. Karslake, however, being the taller. He was once described in a Western Circuit paper as "rising at great length" to reply on the part of the plaintiff, and a story is handed down from the time of Lord Chief Justice Campbell (for the truth of which I do not vouch) in connection with him and Mr. Sam Joyce, who was as remarkably short as Mr. Karslake was remarkably long. It was motion day in the Queen's Bench, and on Mr. Joyce's rising to address the Court, with his head just appearing above the bench in front of the bar, Lord Campbell said:

"Mr. Joyce, when counsel address the Court it is usual for counsel to stand up."

"My Lord," protested Mr. Joyce, "I am standing up."

A little later Mr. Karslake rose from a bench at the back of the court, which sloping upwards gave him even greater apparent altitude than he possessed. Thereupon Lord Campbell is said to have remarked:

"Mr. Karslake, although it is usual for counsel to stand up when they address the Court, it is not necessary for them to stand on the benches."

Although Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Karslake were both distinguished advocates, they were advocates of very different types. The latter was an excellent man of business, possessed of great

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mastery over details, and had a strenuous power of persistence which was very effective. Mr. Coleridge possessed the gift of lucid exposition, and had higher qualities as an advocate than Mr. Karslake. He commanded a more beautiful diction, a finer voice, and he was endowed with a power of imagination and of pathos in which his rival was deficient. It used to be said of Mr. Coleridge that he was worst in a losing and best in a winning case when a blaze of fireworks was wanted. I think this does not do him justice. I have known him fight difficult cases strenuously, and winning cases modestly. He was, taken all in all, a remarkable advocate.

No doubt the case with which his name will be principally linked is the Tichborne case. His cross-examination of the claimant was at the time the subject of widely divergent opinions at the Bar. For my own part, I thought it, and still think it, the best thing he ever did. It was not a cross-examination calculated, nor should I think even intended, for immediate effect. It was not like the brilliant cross-examination of the witness Baigent by Mr. Hawkins (now Mr. Justice Hawkins), in which the observer could follow the point and object question by question; but it was one the full force and effect of which could only be appreciated when the facts, as they ultimately appeared in the defendant's case, were finally disclosed. When, indeed, the subsequent prosecution for perjury took place, it was then seen how thorough and searching that cross-examination had been; how in effect, if I may use a fox-hunting metaphor, all the earths had been effectually stopped. I am glad to find that my opinion of that cross-examination has recently been corroborated by so eminent an authority as the Master of the Rolls, Lord Esher. I must not be understood in what I have said to depreciate his great speech in the Tichborne Case. A more masterly exposition of complicated facts combined with a searching criticism of the claimant's evidence has rarely if ever been delivered. In these great efforts, he was powerfully assisted (as Sir John Coleridge was always ready to acknowledge) by his able juniors, Mr. Mathew (now Mr. Justice Mathew) and the late Lord Bowen (then Mr. Bowen), whose recent death Bench and Bar alike still deplore.

My reference to Mr. Coleridge's parliamentary career will be brief. In 1865 he was returned for the City of Exeter, and in 1868 Mr. Gladstone appointed him Solicitor-General, while in

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1871 he succeeded to the office of Attorney-General. He went into Parliament with great prestige ; but, although he won for himself a respected position there and emerged with credit from the severe ordeal of that critical assembly, it cannot, I think, be said that his success or his reputation there equalled his success or his reputation at the Bar. Nor is this remarkable. He had entered the House of Commons comparatively late in life, when he was in his forty-sixth year, and, as a rule, I think it will be found that the men who have achieved great reputations in the House of Commons are men who have entered it young. Moreover, it is difficult for a lawyer in great practice to give that time and close attention and study to political questions without which unqualified success cannot be attained, even by the possessor of considerable natural gifts. Coke said, "Lady Common Law brooketh no bed-fellow"; and so it may be said that to Lady Politics almost exclusive court must be paid. Sir John Coleridge was always better as the maker of a set speech than as a Parliamentary debater. His best House of Commons performance was, I think, his admirable speech in 1866, when he moved the University Test Abolition Bill. I recollect, later, being in the House of Commons when an amusing scene occurred on the occasion of a speech by Sir John Coleridge when in office. He was advocating what are now known as Women's Rights, and he had made a graceful and impressive speech, when, following him in debate, there rose from the same Government bench (it was not a Government question) from which Sir John Coleridge had spoken the burly, mirth-provoking figure of Mr. Dowse, then one of the Law Officers for Ireland. Mr. Dowse set himself to demolish the argument of his learned colleague, and very humorously he made the attempt. The general tenor of Mr. Dowse's reply may be judged from a sentence : "My honorable and learned colleague," said he, "seems to think that, because some judges are old women, all old women are qualified to be judges." On the whole, Sir John Coleridge did not get on that occasion the best of the rally.

Mr. Disraeli is supposed to have spoken of Sir John Coleridge as "silver-tongued mediocrity." This does not do him justice. That he was "silver-tongued" is true ; but that he was mediocre is a judgment which neither his contemporaries nor posterity will indorse. He certainly could not have made the great *Don*

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Pacifico speech of Sir Alexander Cockburn: but then, who could?

In 1873 Sir John Coleridge became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in succession to Sir William Bovill, and he was then created a peer; and in 1880, on the death of Sir Alexander Cockburn, he became Lord Chief Justice. It is noteworthy that, whereas each of his predecessors had been described in his patent of office as Chief Justice of the King's, or Queen's, Bench, he for the first time was described as "Lord Chief Justice of England."

His judicial career is too recent and too well known to justify me in dwelling upon it at any length. He is undoubtedly entitled to be described as a strong judge; and when the case was sufficiently important to prompt him to take pains, his judgments showed a broad, masterful grasp of the principles of the law he elucidated. I do not think he possessed the great synthetical and analytical powers of Sir Alexander Cockburn at his best, nor the vigorous common-sense of Sir William Erle, nor the wide, legal erudition of the late Mr. Justice Willes, nor the intimate knowledge of the various branches of commercial law of the late Lord Bramwell, nor the hard-headed logic of Lord Blackburn (I do not refer to eminent judges still on the bench); nevertheless he cannot be said to have lacked any quality essential in a great judge. Some of his judgments may well take rank with the best of his time, and many of them are marked by an elegance of diction and possess a literary merit not often met with in judicial records. His judgments in the litigation of the Duke of Norfolk in relation to the Fitzalan Chapel, in the case (commonly known as "the Mignonette Case") of the seamen Dudley and Stephen (charged with murder in having, under stress of hunger, killed and eaten a boy, one of their crew), and in the remarkable commercial case known as the "Mogul Boycotting Case," may be referred to as good examples. His direction to the jury on the trial for blasphemy of Ramsey and Foote in 1883 is regarded as a departure from the law upon that subject as previously laid down by eminent men—a departure, be it added, which has, I think, received the sanction of the profession generally, and a departure in consonance with the freer and more tolerant spirit of the time. That charge, in effect, amounts to this: That it is not a criminal act to attack in decent and considered argument even the fundamental truths of religion as

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generally received. Lord Coleridge had great influence with juries, and also treated them with great courtesy and consideration. He made it clear what his own view of a case was, while careful to remind jurors that it was their right and duty to determine disputed questions of fact. Herein he acted upon Bacon's celebrated advice (he was a constant reader of Bacon) to Mr. Justice Hutton : "You should be a light to jurors to open their eyes, but not a guide to lead them by their noses."

In discharge of what may be called the ceremonial duties of his judicial office, it is doubtful whether Lord Coleridge has ever had any superior. His stately and dignified presence, his voice, his easy command of scholarly and dignified speech, all contributed to invest what he said with an interest quite apart from the substance of his utterances.

I have hitherto spoken of Lord Coleridge in his public career at the Bar, in Parliament, and on the Bench. It was in private society that he was most charming, and in which he had probably the largest circle of admirers. As a *raconteur* he was unsurpassed. His mind was stored with anecdotes, infinite in number and in variety, many of them about distinguished men, and many of them about political events ; but while he was an excellent story-teller himself, he was also (and the two qualities are not commonly found together) a most tolerant listener.

I had the honor, in company with the late Lord Hannen, the late Lord Bowen, Sir Horace Davey, Mr. Bryce, M. P., and Mr. Marten, Q. C., formerly Member for Kilkenny, of visiting America with him in 1883. We were invited by the Bar of the State of New York, and most of us were subsequently the guests of Mr. Villard, then the president of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, on the first through journey by that route across the continent to the Pacific slopes. Lord Coleridge did not accompany us on this part of our travels ; but in several of the New England States he received marks of honor, and all of us enjoyed the proverbially generous hospitality of the great American people. This visit added a large number to his budget of anecdotes which he used to tell with much enjoyment, although now and then some of them told against himself. Desirous of information, Lord Coleridge was inquiring from Mr. Evarts, the distinguished New York barrister, formerly Secretary of State, how American lawyers were remunerated for their work.

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Lord Coleridge: "Pray, Mr. Evarts, how do clients pay their lawyers with you?"

Mr. Evarts: "Well, my Lord, they pay a retaining fee; it may be $50, or it may be $5,000, or $50,000."

Lord Coleridge: "Yes; and what does that cover?"

Mr. Evarts: "Oh! that is simply the retainer. The rest is paid for as the work is done, and according to the work done."

Lord Coleridge: "Yes, Mr. Evarts, and do clients like that?"

Mr. Evarts: "Not a bit, my Lord, not a bit. They generally say, 'I guess, Mr. Evarts, I should like to know how deep down I shall have to go into my breeches pocket to see this business through.'"

Lord Coleridge: "Yes, what do you say then?"

Mr. Evarts: "Well, my Lord, I have invented a formula which I have found answer very well. I say: 'Sir, or Madame, as the case may be, I cannot undertake to say how many *judicial* errors I shall be called upon to correct before I obtain for you final justice.'"

Lord Coleridge used to tell with glee an anecdote concerning a dinner given to him in Chicago by a distinguished lawyer, where a collapse of the banquet was threatened owing to the too vigilant attention of the sheriff's officer who held a writ of *fi. fa.* over the host's goods and chattels. However, the threatened danger was averted. On the same occasion, he had stipulated and was assured that there would be no speeches; but, to his discomfiture, he saw his host retire into a corner with his secretary before dinner was announced to settle the final proofs of a speech which he later delivered with much success at the banquet.

Lord Coleridge was a good deal bothered by that product of the nineteenth century, the interviewer, and on his way to Chicago one of these gentlemen, failing otherwise to draw him out, began to belittle the old country in the matter of lakes and rivers and mountains, and even men. Lord Coleridge bore it all patiently; finally, the interviewer said: "I am told, my lord, you think a great deal of what you call your great fire of London. Well, I guess that the conflagration we had in the little village of Chicago made your great fire look very small." To which Lord Coleridge blandly responded: "Sir, I have every reason to believe that the great fire of London was quite as great as the people at

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that time desired." He had been fêted, and had speechified much, and been much speechified at, during his American visit, but it must be admitted there was a certain monotony in the themes chosen by the orators of the United States. They were the greatness of Great Britain and her children, and the perhaps still greater greatness of America and her children. In his final speech at Philadelphia, Lord Coleridge referred to this, and, while acknowledging, with extreme courtesy and grace, the kindness of his reception, he wound up by saying: "I might, perhaps, in this connection, refer to an amusing speech of our great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, who, according to that prince of biographers, Boswell, addressed him thus: 'Sir, you have only two topics of conversation, yourself and me, and I am heartily sick of both.'" This was said so gracefully, and with such good humor, that no one thought of being offended, and certainly Lord Coleridge therein thought of offending no one.

Few men in his position are without enemies, and he was no exception to the general rule. For myself, I know him as a kind, considerate, and generous friend, steady in his friendships, and probably constant also in his dislikes. There are many now living who have experienced kindness at his hands and who can recall, as I can, with gratitude, words of encouragement spoken in times of doubt and difficulty. These count for much in the early career of a barrister struggling to emerge from the unknown crowd. No one, however, will gainsay that, by his death, a great figure has passed away. He was intellectually, as he was physically, head and shoulders above the average of his contemporaries. He had a high sense of the dignity of his great office and of its importance. For above twenty years he sat upon the judicial bench, and I believe that during that long period he did honestly strive "to do right to all manner of people after the laws and usages of this realm, without fear or favor, affection or ill-will."

RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

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THE RESULTS OF DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

BY SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"AND everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Indeed I do not know," said he:
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Many Americans have asked Peterkin's question since the Democratic victory of November, 1892. That it was a victory there can be no doubt, and the skulls and bones consequent upon it can be picked up as easily as Peterkin picked up the skull on the field of Blenheim long after the cheers which greeted the winner had died away into silence. We are able now at this distance of time to look back over the last eighteen months; to survey the desolated field on which the victors have since camped, and to see just what the Democratic victory of 1892 has brought to the people of the United States.

It was a queer army that won the fight. Its officers and soldiers were recruited from many quarters, and it is not without interest, now that their main object of getting into power has been obtained, to look them over. The great mass of the forces came from the South, where the outworn traditions of forty years ago still hold sway and where civilization and the business conditions of the North are only just beginning to make themselves felt. The next largest contingent was supplied from the lower wards of the great cities of the North and was typified by Tammany Hall. Last and least in numbers, but most important of all in their own opinion, were those persons in the North and East who announced in 1884 that they represented the conscience and intelligence of the country. The solid South and Tammany were to supply the

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votes, and the proprietors of the conscience and intelligence of the country were to guide this party of reform, provide it with principles, give it money to spend, hold the offices, and in season and out of season sing pæons in praise of their candidate for the presidency. It was a curious combination. Side by side with the solid South were arrayed Tammany Hall and the band who believed in the New York *Evening Post*, "clothed in white samite mystic, wonderful." President Eliot and Richard Croker, Edward Atkinson and John Y. McKane, Carl Schurz and William F. Sheehan, the Reform leagues of New York and Massachusetts, Bat Shea, of Troy, and the twenty-seven election officers formerly of New York city, but now of Sing Sing, were enlisted in the same army and were fighting for a common cause. There were wide differences among them in habits of life and political methods, but they were all tariff reformers, they were all agreed that the McKinley bill was a "culminating atrocity," and that the Republican party was a very bad party indeed. However widely they varied they were all reformers, and however their methods differed they all sought to get votes for the same candidate. In the closing hours of the campaign that candidate himself went up to the very mountain-top of virtue and reform, and in a speech at the Lenox Lyceum denounced. in that fresh and pleasing style so beloved by his admirers, the wickedness of the Republicans in spending money at elections. No one could fail to be impressed by such an exhortation at such a moment. There were scoffers, it is true, who said at the time that money was spent in elections by both parties, and that the Republicans were no worse than their neighbors, but this carping criticism was scarcely heard in the general acclaim which greeted an exhibition of virtue so great as that at the Lenox Lyceum. Subsequent disclosures have enabled us to guess at the facts which no doubt suggested to Mr. Cleveland the necessity of throwing his vast influence against this growing evil of our politics. We have learned lately that it was just about that time that patriotic motives prompted a noted gift of fifty thousand dollars to the Democratic campaign fund, and that the Sugar Trust opened its purse to the Democratic Committee of New York. These were circumstances calculated to alarm a great patriot, and hence, no doubt, caused Mr. Cleveland's denunciation of the infamy of

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using money in elections. It is true that while this money appears to have been with the Democrats, the infamy, according to Mr. Cleveland, was with the Republicans. This seems an odd arrangement, but it should not be forgotten that the ways of reformers as lately exhibited to an interested people are themselves odd.

With an army thus constituted and with this last cry for political purity upon the lips of their leader, the Democrats carried the country. The Republican party, which for more than thirty years had controlled the country, were beaten, every branch of the government passed into Democratic hands, the misdeeds of the Republicans were to be exposed and undone, and the "culminating atrocity" lay at the mercy of the victor.

It was a prosperous country which these victors were called to govern. When they came in, business was active, labor was well employed, and men had a reasonable confidence in the future; when they came in, there was peace at home and abroad and honorable relations with all foreign countries, great and small. When they came in, however, men differed with each other politically, the national government was respected by the people in all its branches, and there were no scandals rife at Washington. But after all, this was only a general and familiar well-being, and many evils and inequalities existed, such as have always existed among men, and from which humanity has never been free. Such a hum-drum condition, with its slow but steady progress, did not content the party of reform. Ordinary and general prosperity might be well enough for the Republican party, but it seemed a poor thing to the party of reform. They were going to give us something far better than this, and, if we could believe their moderate and truthful statements made before election, their coming into power would be followed by something little short of an earthly millennium.

So they won their victory, but, somehow or other, the millennium did not at once appear. It was not, of course, to be expected in its full flower until after the fourth of March, 1893, but its near and certain coming ought to have filled every one with delightful anticipation, and made the hearts of the people sing for joy. For some reason this did not come to pass. After the country had looked at the results of the election for a few days, there seemed to be a general chill instead of a generous glow, and

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business began to hesitate and stop in its forward movement. At last the fourth of March arrived, the government changed hands, and the Republicans were finally out of the way. Eighteen months have passed since then, and we are now in a position to reckon up that earthly millennium promised by the party of reform, and see exactly what it has brought us.

Let us look first at those matters which are peculiarly within the province of the administration itself. After appointing a cabinet of uncommon brilliancy and distinction, Mr. Cleveland turned his attention to foreign affairs. He is above all things a reformer, and no doubt has a profound contempt for the doctrine that, however parties may change, continuity in the foreign policy of a great nation is desirable. He therefore set to work at once to overthrow the Republican policy in regard to the Hawaiian Islands. With the quick imagination for which he is so conspicuous he invented a new officer to carry out this change. He devised a "Paramount Commissioner," and sent Mr. Blount, of Georgia, in that capacity to the Hawaiian Islands. He accredited his "Paramount Commissioner" to the President of the Provisional Government, whom he styled his "great and good friend," and then, in his blunt, straightforward fashion, instructed his commissioner privately to do his best to overthrow his "great and good friend" and the Provisional Government, and to bring about the restoration of that interesting sovereign, Queen Liliuokalani. The preliminaries went well. Mr. Blount hauled down the American flag and ordered the American forces off the island. But the Provisional Government, with the perversity which sometimes attaches to persons not properly versed in reform, declined to be either hauled down or ordered off. It was very annoying, and before stronger measures could be taken Congress got together and the Hawaiian policy of the administration has disappeared. President Dole, the unregenerate, is now the head of a permanent republic, and the former queen has become a claimant in Washington. The Hawaiian policy, however noble in conception, has failed in practice.

Since then the administration, casting about for some other field of usefulness in the Pacific, has lighted on Samoa. There it proposed that we should withdraw. Mr. Bayard said in London that Sir John Thurston was a most excellent man and a most excellent governor, and that we had better give up Samoa to

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England and let Sir John take charge of it. A foreign policy which consists in giving up things has one merit: it is generally successful. It is always easy to give away something valuable, especially to England, to which this administration appears to be strongly attached. Unluckily the German Emperor was one of the parties to this Samoan agreement, and he remonstrated and the Senate remonstrated; and so this glorious policy of self-sacrifice in Samoa has been checked. In justice to the administration it ought to be said that this check is not due to any shortcoming on its part.

If there was any one thing upon which this administration was particularly strong, so far as the declarations of the President went, it was in the field of Civil Service Reform. What a record has there been made! It is altogether too serious to speak of ironically. The selection of Mr. Proctor for president of the Civil Service Commission was most admirable, but the rest of the story is a dreary one to any one who is interested in the great movement which is slowly, but surely, taking the offices of the government out of politics. The Post Office Department is following in the footsteps of its predecessors; it is neither better nor worse, and is, as it has always been, the victim of a bad system. The looting of the Interior Department has never been equalled in our time, and is only surpassed now by that of the Treasury Department. Not content with seizing every place outside the classified service in these two departments, reductions, promotions, and removals, as has been shown by reports of the Civil Service Commission, have been made to an unheard-of extent, and with a discrimination not merely in regard to politics, but, what is far worse, in regard to race and section—that is, against the colored people and against persons of Northern birth. The spoiler has even reached out in the Treasury Department and seized upon the Coast Survey; and the head of this scientific bureau has resigned because he would not be responsible for the Survey when the officers in it were given up to political patronage. The Consular Service has always been the prey of politics; but never has it been changed with the merciless thoroughness and rapidity exhibited by Mr. Quincy or with such absolute disregard of the needs of the service and of its importance to the business of the country. But the worst thing that has happened to Civil Service Reform is the ruling of

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the Attorney-General that circulars demanding contributions of persons employed by the government, if sent by mail, are not a violation of the law against political assessments. This ruling nullifies that law; and if sustained throws the whole government service open once more to the evil system of political assessments which it has taken years to destroy. The House of Representatives has contributed its mite toward the breaking down of the Civil Service law by passing by a party vote an act to throw the railway mail service open once more to the spoils system.

These matters of foreign policy and of domestic administration, however, important as they are, have been lost sight of in the legislative efforts of the Democratic party in Congress. Disturbed by the popular uneasiness caused by their victory, the Democratic leaders and the Democratic press set themselves in the winter of 1893–94 to the work of impressing on the public mind that the existing uneasiness was due to the danger to be anticipated from the operation of the Sherman act. This had the effect, intended by its authors, of diverting attention from the Democratic party to the act in question. But it also had another and a very bad result. Instead of allaying uneasiness it stimulated it and changed it rapidly to a feeling of deep alarm and anxiety. After the administration came in, instead of calling Congress together to deal with the silver question, which they themselves had described as so pressing, everything was allowed to drift and nothing was done to check the growing anxiety. In April, by way, we must suppose, of soothing the alarm of the business community, Mr. Carlisle suggested in an interview that it might be necessary to pay the treasury notes in silver. Two days afterwards the President contradicted formally the statement of his secretary. The result of these varying opinions was not fortunate. Instead of promoting confidence, they acted like a spark in a powder magazine, and a panic began in Wall Street, which spread so rapidly and disastrously that the President was finally forced to call Congress in extra session on the 7th of August. There is no need to rehearse the events of the extra session. The strangely assorted army which had won the November victory now began to march in different directions, and in Democratic hands the Senate became apparently unable to act. After a bitter struggle a compromise measure was formulated, which met with the approbation of the administration and of nearly all the Democratic Senators. Sena-

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tor Hill, of New York, however, stood out for absolute and unconditional repeal, and when his attitude became known the President announced with great promptness that he took the same view. The compromise fell to the ground, the compromisers felt a good deal of annoyance at the desertion of the administration, and the silver-purchasing clauses were repealed. The repeal was eminently wise, but a great opportunity was then lost in not taking advantage of the situation, as might have been done, to secure legislation necessary to protect our gold reserves and to forward some proper solution of the great currency question. We are now reaping the bitter fruits of that failure. Our gold reserves are rapidly disappearing, and the government has no authority to issue bonds to buy gold, while the Democratic Congress has refused to pass any legislation looking in that direction. We have, however, the consolation of knowing that the President at the crisis of the silver struggle stood quite as firm as Senator Hill for unconditional repeal and was not at the time discovered to have discussed sympathetically the terms of compromise with those who advocated it.

The purchasing clauses of the Silver act were unsound and wrong. They were properly repealed; but equally wrong with the clauses themselves has been the utter indifference of the Administration to the currency question and the complete failure of the Democrats, from the President down, to make the slightest effort towards its solution. The repeal of the silver clauses brought no relief to the stricken business of the country, and it therefore seemed to the Democratic party a peculiarly fit moment to attack violently our industrial system and to add to the growing dangers of the currency question, which were affecting the business of the world, the perils and uncertainties of an industrial revolution. They have been engaged in this congenial task since last December, and the consequent losses and sufferings of the country have been beyond computation. The reform began with the introduction and passage of the Wilson bill in the House. As an exposition of the principles of the Chicago platform, which declared protection unconstitutional and a robbery, this bill was hardly a success. It was full of protection administered as a preference chiefly to Southern interests, and in this way threw overboard all the principles which the Democratic party had been advocating. But as a measure for the destruction of Northern

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industries and for a complete dislocation of the industrial system of the country, it was a shining success. The party which favored a tariff for revenue only threw revenue away with splendid prodigality, and, turning from indirect to direct taxation, imposed in a time of profound peace an income tax upon a particular class of the people, although that tax had never been resorted to in this country before except as a war measure. This bill, which abandoned all the principles of those who voted for it and which upon the recommendation of President Cleveland in his message embodied an income tax, came to the Senate on the first of February. The Democratic members of the Finance Committee considered it for about seven weeks in the seclusion of some garret or cellar, and then reported it in rather more extreme form to the Senate. Thereupon they found that it could not pass the Senate, and after further meditation and a conference of Democratic Senators, it was determined to amend the bill so that it could command forty-three Democratic votes. When it reappeared again in the Senate in May, it was accompanied by some 600 amendments which formed the price paid for the votes. In the long debate of two months which ensued, the manner in which the bill was constructed was plainly brought to light and certain features of the measure came out in bold relief. Southern industries were well cared for, and where the Southern happened to be also a Northern industry, as in the case of cotton textiles, the latter was well cared for too. Every subject of the tariff in which a trust was interested, from sugar to matches, was protected, but the smaller industries unguarded by trusts or combinations suffered severely, although not so severely as in the House. Finally it became apparent that the great controlling force in the make-up of this bill was the Sugar Trust.

This measure, constructed in this way, passed the Senate on the 3d of July. With remarkable prescience the President, on the 2d of July, had written a private letter to Mr. Wilson, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee ; and this letter, in which the President foresaw so accurately what would happen in the future, was read in the House of Representatives three weeks later, after the conferrees had failed to agree. It was a somewhat unusual method for a President to take, in order to inform Congress of his views, but this did not detract from the general interest of the communication. The President pointed out that

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the men who made the Senate bill were guilty of "perfidy and dishonor," and that the great Democratic principle of free coal and free iron, the only principle which had survived of the collection in use before the election, must be vindicated at all hazards. Thereupon the Senators who had had this reform movement worked on them already in the silver question, rebelled. They openly accused the President of having approved all that was done in the formation of a Senate bill, and, what was far worse, they proved it by witnesses of undoubted truth who shared the President's views.

Before this article can appear, some decision will have been reached, in all probability, as to the tariff. At the moment of writing, however, that valued measure of reform is still lying unsettled after five weeks of wrangling in the hands of the Democratic members of the Conference Committee. The best thing that could happen would be its defeat, but if it should pass in some form it matters but little what that form may be. The bill cannot be otherwise than thoroughly bad. It is filled with preferences and with the grossest favoritism. It has no economic principle of any kind, it guards the trusts, and is black with scandals. The point of contention at present is not concerned with the merits of the bill. It is resolved into a simple question of whether the President by any means, good or bad, can obtain a personal victory over Senator Gorman. This no doubt has an interesting side, but it has no more bearing on the general welfare of the country or upon its economic system than the settlement in the prize ring that Corbett can whip Jackson, or Jackson Corbett. The President accepts the sugar schedule and desires to have free coal and free iron. Senator Gorman favors duties on coal and iron and has with his friends offered to give up the sugar duties, which the House, acting for the President, declined. The President apparently is ready to take care both of the Sugar Trust and the Dominion coal company and is devoted to free raw materials. Senator Gorman desires to protect coal and iron and appears to take but a secondary interest in the trust. The great movement for tariff reform has resolved itself into this ignoble personal contest within the lines of the Democratic party. Whatever the result of the personal struggle may be, the bill, if if any bill is passed, is sure to be a thoroughly bad one.

I pointed out at the beginning what the Democrats found

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when they came in: a prosperous country; peace at home and abroad; no scandals in Washington; and respect for the government of the country. Look at it to-day. In the hands of its Democratic majority, the Senate has sunk in popular estimation and the President is engaged in assailing the Senate and trying to dictate to the House. The scandal of the Quincy lithographic contract, of the armor-plate frauds, of the Government Exposition building, and, blackest of all, of the Sugar Trust, are all flagrant in Washington, and three of them subjects of Congressional investigation. We have made a pitiful exhibition of ourselves in Hawaii and Samoa. The Civil Service has been plundered, and the patriotic work of building up our navy has been stopped. Gold is pouring out of the country, and the reserves upon which the great fabric of the currency rests are vanishing. Business is prostrate, labor is unemployed, strikes and disorder have broken out all over the country. It is idle to try to explain away these things by saying they are the results of Republican legislation, for they did not exist before the 4th of March, 1893, when the Republicans ceased to rule. They are the results of putting power in the hands of an incompetent and ill-assorted party. The Congressional elections are at hand. If the people have learned the lessons of the last eighteen months, the result of those elections is not in doubt. There really is only one question before the people, and that is whether they like the results of Democratic victory. If they do, they will return the Democratic party to power in the lower House. If they do not, they will take power from them and keep it from them for many years to come.

H. C. LODGE.

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CATHOLICISM AND APAISM.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. L. SPALDING, BISHOP OF PEORIA.

FACTS are stronger than arguments, and it is little better than a waste of words to reply to the charges which are now from many sides brought against Catholics here in the United States. From the earliest colonial period they have been here and have been loyal and devoted citizens. They have taken part in every phase of private and public life. They have mingled with those of other faiths, in the family, in the professions, in the trades, in commerce, in legislative assemblies, and on battlefields where the nation's fate has hung upon the issue. Like other men, they have had their weaknesses and their faults, but among these lack of love for America has had no place. They founded one of the thirteen colonies, and were the first in the New World, the first, indeed, in all the world, to make freedom of conscience an organic part of the constitution of the State. Their action marks an era in the progress of mankind. When the hour came to break the bond which united the colonies with England and which had become a fetter, none more generously than the Catholics hearkened to the trumpet call, and in the darkest days of the struggle Catholics from Europe mingled their blood on our battlefields with that of our fathers. If long tenure, if fidelity, if honorable deeds, have aught of efficacy, Catholics have the right to be here, nor has this right ever become forfeit by any act or attempt of the Catholic Church in America.

Whatever controversy there may be as to other times and lands, her course here has been one of honor, of light, of peace, of beneficence. She has devoted herself to works of religion and humanity. She has done and is doing more for education, for the orphan, the aged, the sick and the fallen, than any other church. She has never attempted to dictate to her adherents in civil mat-

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ters, nor has she sought to control political parties; and if her followers are to a large extent Democrats rather than Republicans, this is not due to the influence or interference of priests and bishops, who seldom know or care to what political party the members of their congregations belong. Catholics, though generally Catholic only in name, have been and are busy, often too busy, with politics, especially with municipal politics; but this is a common right of all American citizens, and in centres where there are great numbers of Catholics, some of them inevitably will be found among the political schemers, and consequently will be more or less implicated in the hypocrisy, trickery, and fraud by which our whole political life is tainted. A bad Catholic is no better than any other bad man. He is not a Catholic in truth, but since the Catholic Church, whatever those who do not know her spirit may think, is patient, broad, and tolerant, she is slow to expel any one from the fold, loth to pluck up the cockle lest the wheat also be uprooted. The reckless greed of our great money getters has led them to induce thousands of the poorest and most ignorant laborers of Europe to come here to supplant more intelligent and consequently more costly workers. These people, many of whom are Catholics, neither understand our language nor have any right conception of our civil and political life, and when they are thrown out of work and brought to the verge of starvation, they sometimes listen to the appeals of Anarchists and resort to violence. The church is not responsible; her influence, on the contrary, is the only moral and civilizing force which is brought to bear on these poor people. Far from desiring this kind of immigration, the American bishops and priests would be glad to have it cease.

Towards our fellow-citizens who are not Catholics our behavior is and has been without reproach. We have never sought to excite prejudice against those who differ from us in religious faith: much less have we sought to persecute any man for conscience sake. No body of Catholics in America has ever fostered or in any way encouraged those who wriggle and batten in the filth and animalities of man, and who make a living by going from city to city to appeal to the prurient imaginations and corrupt hearts of the vulgar. If here and there these cowardly attacks have led to violence and riot, the employers of the men whose only argument is outrageous insult are responsible. The

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Catholic pastors uniformly advise their flocks to keep away from these men and the places in which they hold their meetings. No body of Catholics, in this country, not under the ban of the church, have ever formed themselves into secret oath-bound societies, for good or evil ends. Our bishops and priests have no hidden policy, no deep laid schemes, of any kind. Our life is undisguised, our churches are open to all, our books may be had by every one, in our schools thousands of Protestants are thrown hourly into most intimate contact with our teachers: as servants and partners, as friends and relations, we are intermingled with the whole people. Whoever desires information about us has not far to seek. What then is the cause of the abuse which is heaped upon us, of the distrust of which we seem to be the objects? Why has it been thought necessary to organize secret societies, which have spread rapidly throughout the country, to oppose and hurt us?

These are far-reaching questions, and to answer them satisfactorily in brief space is difficult. At the root of all such outbreaks and movements there lies the traditional Protestant view of the Catholic Church, which, though it has long ceased to have any meaning for enlightened minds, still holds sway over those who are too busy or too ignorant to be able to react against inherited prejudice. They still believe that the Catholic Church is the Scarlet Woman and the Pope the Man of sin; and that Catholics consequently are capable of any crime or baseness which it may occur to any one to impute to them. They believe that Jesuits are cunning hypocrites who are never happy unless they are doing mischief; that nunneries are prisons, or worse; that priests sell permission to commit sin and are ever ready to betray any country they may belong to at the dictate of the Pope. All this, together with whatever else of horrible a perverse or corrupt imagination may be able to conjure up concerning us, the true victims of the Protestant tradition are ready to believe; and, though such retarded minds are become comparatively few, they are still numerous enough to form a nucleus around which may gather all those who, whether honestly or from motives of self-interest, are glad to enter upon an anti-Catholic crusade. The Orange societies constitute a centre of this kind for the Apaists. No more bitter, blind, or fanatical religious spirit exists than theirs. Its prejudice is unrelieved by a suspicion of doubt, its hatred is as gen-

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uine as it is unreasoning and unrelenting, and, like a wind-fanned flame, it leaps forth with mad glee whenever there is an opportunity to do harm to Catholics. Here is a force ready at hand, in English-speaking countries, for those who wish to stir up religious strife. What are the causes which have led so many Americans who have no sympathy with Orangeism to form an alliance with the bigots of this sect for the purpose of persecuting Catholics? The rapid and vigorous growth of the Church in America has, I suppose, excited apprehensions of danger among those in whose minds its influence is associated with ignorance, superstition, and corruption. Our success, too, largely due to immigration, may have aroused jealousy as well as fear; and I am the more willing to believe this as I observe, on many sides, that the envious rivalry of Protestant denominations among themselves is a chief cause of their weakness. In thousands of villages where one church and one capable minister would find support, three or four congregations representing different sects are established, and they are all feeble. The result is discouragement and indifference. Among Catholics themselves, in the last few years, a certain spirit of boastfulness became, here and there, manifest. When as yet, leaving aside our accessions from Europe, our losses are greater than our gains, some of us began to proclaim that America was to be made Catholic at no distant day. Though these utterances were merely the expression of zeal, the outburst of a perfervid temper, they aroused unkind thoughts in many whose dislike of us is more genuine than their love of toleration. To make matters worse we began to quarrel among ourselves. National differences of thought, sentiment, and custom, which reach so far and go so deep, threatened to prove stronger than the harmonizing and constructive force of a common religious faith. It happened, as it nearly always does happen when the controversial spirit is let loose, that the real issue came to be not truth and justice, but victory. In the heat of conflict wild words were spoken and overbearing deeds were done. The reporters, who scent a scandal as vultures a carcass, rushed in, and the country was filled with sound and fury. The loyalty of German Catholics was called into question. They were accused of conspiring with a certain Cahensly, a citizen of Prussia, against the interests of this country. Cahensly himself was as powerless as he was unknown, and, if harm he could do, he could

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do it only by influencing the Pope to do wrong; and the Catholics who made such an outcry against Cahenslyism seemed really to dread lest the Pope should be induced to do a foolish or wicked thing. Their temper was controversial, but the bigots took them seriously. Intelligent people among us know the Pope would not if he could, could not if he would, hurt America; but to multitudes the cry of danger from the Papists is as effective as Dalila's shout to Samson that the Philistines were upon him. The Faribault school compromise, leading as it did to discussions which attracted wide attention, was another cause of alarm. The incident itself was neither novel nor important, and it doubtless would have escaped public notice had not the impression been made that it was the starting of a scheme by which Catholics hoped to get their share of the school fund. It was, in fact, a local affair, as to which there was no preconcerted agreement among the bishops, the far greater number of whom thought such a compromise undesirable, unacceptable even from the Catholic point of view, and all that Rome could be induced to concede was that what had been done at Faribault might be tolerated. Word had gone forth, however, that Faribaultism was a cunningly devised scheme of the Jesuits, by which they expected, while getting financial support for their own schools, to undermine the common schools. The charge was as false as it was ridiculous, but when public suspicion is aroused assertion is as effective as proof.

The Faribault episode, in itself insignificant, became the occasion of sending a papal envoy here, and of establishing a permanent papal delegation in Washington, which, from whatever point it be considered, is an affair of grave moment. From the beginning the American bishops, whenever consulted, strongly opposed the founding of such an institution here. When the question was put to the archbishops at their meeting in New York, in the fall of 1892, it was their almost unanimous opinion that it would be unwise to appoint a delegate for this country, and there seems to be no reason to doubt that the bishops, had the matter been proposed to them, would have taken the same view. The question of a delegation is, of course, not a question of faith, or morals, or discipline, or rule, affecting the whole Church; but one of ecclesiastical policy: and those whose knowledge of the country was most accurate and intimate

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believed that the establishment of a papal delegation here would be bad policy.

Whether they have been justified by the event, so far as the internal affairs of the church are concerned, it is not necessary here to inquire; but that the Delegate has been and is a source of strength to the Apaists there can be no doubt. With us, as in the Protestant world generally, anti-Catholic prejudice is largely anti-papal prejudice; and when the organs of public opinion were filled with the sayings and doings of "the American Pope," who though a foreigner, with no intention of becoming a citizen, ignorant alike of our language and our traditions, was supposed to have supreme authority in the church in America, fresh fuel was thrown upon the fire of bigotry. The fact that his authority is ecclesiastical merely, and concerns Catholics, not as citizens, but as members of the church, is lost sight of by the multitudes who are persuaded that the papacy is a political power eager to extend its control wherever opportunity may offer. This feeling, which has existed among us from the beginning, led our first bishop, Carroll of Baltimore, who was beyond doubt a devoted churchman and a true patriot, to make an official declaration in 1797, on Washington's birthday, wherein he affirmed that the obedience we owed the Pope is "in things purely spiritual." And such has been our uniform belief and teaching, as whoever takes the trouble to read what those who have the best right to speak for us have written on this subject will see.

Various causes, more or less intimately related to our religious life, having conspired to produce an anti-Catholic outbreak, the movement received added force from sources apparently foreign to the matter. In the long continued struggle between employers and wage-earners, capitalists have come to look upon the labor unions as an obstacle to the successful management of their various businesses, and are therefore anxious to weaken or dissolve these associations. When the Orange spirit began to become more active, it naturally occurred to the managers of railways and other enterprises in which large numbers of men are employed, that religious fanaticism might be made use of to divide the laborers and undermine their unions. For this purpose, then, and not from any hatred of the Catholic religion, for corporations being soulless must be indifferent to religion, the Apaists were encouraged and gained much influence in some of our large

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carrying and manufacturing concerns. It happened also that the greater number of these fanatics were Republicans, and they became a source of embarrassment to the party. It was impossible to ignore them, and, at first thought, the simplest thing to do seemed to be to connive at them. Very soon, however, they became so strong that connivance ceased to have a meaning, and then, not having the courage or the will to expel them, the party which freed the negro began to encourage the bigots who have gotten up a religious persecution and are striving to deprive Catholics of the rights of freemen. Many Democrats, too, whose hatred of the church is stronger than their love of liberty and fair play, have gone over to the Apaists.

From this brief statement of the causes which have led to the rise and favored the spread of the new knownothingism, I turn to consider some of the charges which the leaders of the crusade advance as a justification of their systematic attack upon American Catholics; and as they are neither new nor true, the discussion of them must necessarily be somewhat uninteresting. There is, first of all, the time-honored objection of a divided and incompatible allegiance—the contention that Catholics, since they owe obedience to the Pope, cannot be loyal subjects of the state. The answer is obvious. Our obedience to the Pope is confined to the domain of religious faith, morals, and discipline; and since the state, with us at least, claims no jurisdiction over such matters, there can be no question of conflict. We have, and none are more thankful for this than the Catholics, a separation of the Church from the State. If it be urged that to draw the line of demarcation is difficult, I reply that in the general course of things this difficulty presents itself hardly at all. That it may arise all confess, but it may arise just as easily for Protestants as for Catholics. All men in our age—and this is one of the most far reaching peculiarities of Christian civilization—hold a double allegiance, and are prepared, if needs be, to appeal from men to God, from laws to conscience, from authority to reason, from numbers to justice. "I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully," says Ruskin, "so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not or seem in any wise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence." The Pope has never attempted to interfere in the

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civil or political affairs of this country, and were he to attempt to do so his action would be resented by the Catholics more quickly than by others. One reason why our representative men have always opposed the appointment of a papal delegate for the United States was their unwillingness to give our enemies even a pretext for accusing us, as citizens, of being under foreign influence. The Pope is our religious, not our civil or political, superior.

Deeds, more than words, prove, and have proven, both our patriotism and our Catholic faith, and there is no reason why we, more than others, should make protestation of our loyalty. To protest is half to confess, as to exhort is to reproach ; and to urge American Catholics to love their country, which is as dear to them as their heart's blood, is to imply that they fail in this high duty. Our record for patriotism is without blot or stain, and it is not necessary for us to hold the flag in our hands when we walk the streets, to wave it when we speak, to fan ourselves with it when we are warm, and to wrap it about us when we are cold. Let us hope, at least, that in speaking of it we shall never stoop to the vulgar slang of "Old Glory," which is only a lesser desecration than the shots which riddled it when it floated amid the battle's smoke upheld by heroic hands.

Another charge, which, like the brook with its senseless prattle, goes on forever, is that Catholics are foes of the common schools—as the amiable Episcopal Bishop of Albany puts it, that "they do not love the public school system nor the theory of universal education." Were it not that most men become the victims of oft-repeated assertion, it would be difficult to explain the continuance of this accusation, for our position on the question of education is at once simple and widely and authoritatively proclaimed. We believe that religion is an essential element of human nature, and, therefore, of right education ; and where it is possible to do so, we found and maintain schools, in which, along with other things, we teach also what we believe to be religion. Inasmuch as this is not done in the common schools, we find the system defective, but we do not condemn it ; for in a country such as ours no other system of state schools seems to be possible, and we are openly and without reservation in favor of free schools, and, consequently, in favor of a school tax. For my own part—and I think I express the Catholic view—I not only would not, had I the power, destroy

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the public-school system, but would leave nothing undone to develop and perfect it. I believe in free schools, in universal education, and, wherever public opinion is sufficiently enlightened, in compulsory school attendance. The objections which the bishops of Wisconsin and of Illinois urged against the Bennet Law and the Edwards Law were based upon the fact that these laws were an infringement on the principle of freedom in matters of education. If here and there individuals have made efforts to get public moneys for parochial schools, the Catholic body is not to be held responsible for their acts.

The attempt to commit the Catholics of the nineteenth century here in America to all the deeds and utterances of those in the middle ages is futile. We do not hold that the Popes have never been in the wrong; nor are we bound, to quote Cardinal Newman, "to defend the policy or the acts of particular popes, whether before or after the great revolt from their authority in the sixteenth century." If the public law of Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries permitted them to declare forfeit the authority of tyrannical princes and emperors, it does not follow that they are permitted to do this now. We are Catholics, but we are also men, and though the essential tenets of the faith are immutable we ourselves change with a changing world. We accept with frank sincerity, with cheerful acquiescence, the principles involved in the rule of the people by the people and for the people, and are content to abide the issue. Why, then, in a country in which all have agreed to make freedom of conscience and liberty of worship inalienable rights, in which it is a fundamental principle of public life and rule that no man shall suffer hurt because of his religious faith, is a secret oath-bound society, whose one great aim is to subvert this primary article of our political creed, suffered to exist and encouraged in its nefarious schemes? Why have hundreds of teachers been expelled from their places simply because they were Catholics? Do not Catholics like others pay the school tax? Is not every career open to talent? Why are men hired to go from town to town, not to discuss our doctrines and practices, but to insult, mock, vilify, and calumniate us? No American Catholic certainly can object to the free discussion of his religious beliefs; but abuse, lies, and forgeries, while they can have no tendency to advance the cause of truth, provoke to vio-

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lence, and where there is liberty there should be protection from such wanton and malicious attacks. Let the fair-minded read any of the numerous Apaist newspapers which are sold on the streets of nearly all our cities and towns, and then ask themselves whether a cause which is upheld by such methods and defended with such weapons is not self-condemned. Their creed is a creed of spite and hatred. Their ways are secret and dark; their arguments are lies and forgeries, and their victims are generally women whose only crime is their intelligence and their religion. In the presence of all this, Bishop Doane, in the spirit of sweetness and light, asks us to take a more conciliatory tone. He would doubtless advise the lamb to conciliate the wolf, for which the only possible conciliation is the having the lamb in its maw. This outburst of anti-Catholic hatred will pass away, of course. The American people love justice and fair play; they live and let live; their very genius is goodwill to men. They are not bigots or fanatics, or persecutors, but in the meanwhile Apaism is hurtful to the best interests of the country, it diverts attention from the momentous problems which are pressing upon us, it separates friend from friend, it sows the seeds of suspicion and distrust, it makes innocent victims, and is doing all that it is possible to do to verify the saying of a well-known Englishman that the only civilized country in which it is less pleasant to live than in the United States is Russia.

But I must make an end. One of the disadvantages under which the magazine writer labors is that when he gets well into his subject, the editor, regardless of Macbeth's curse, is sure to be the first to cry, Hold, enough!

J. L. SPALDING.

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MODERN POVERTY.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

THE recent development, throughout the civilized world, of those theories, more or less vague, or those compounds, still vaguer, of sympathies, animosities, expectations, and aspirations, which go by the name of Socialism, and which are all identical in one point at all events, in being, that is to say, a protest against the existing organization of society, and the existing institution of property—this recent development of Socialism is due to a variety of causes, but it mainly depends for its vitality not so much on theories or on facts, as on a certain simple belief, which hardly amounts to a theory, with regard to facts. The belief I refer to is the belief that civilization, as at present organized, and developing itself according to the laws which its constitution necessarily imposes on it, not only offers no hope to the great industrial masses, but is constantly tending to make their position worse—to narrow their lives, to curtail their freedom, to lower their incomes till these reach the starvation level, and to make even this minimum of subsistence harder and more doubtful of attainment; whilst it is constantly tending, on the other hand, to increase the wealth and luxury of the very few, swelling fortunes which are overgrown already, and gradually crushing moderate fortunes out of existence.

This is the view which was formulated by Karl Marx, with regard to modern civilization generally, and with regard to England in particular, where he said that all the tendencies of this civilization were to be seen in their fullest and most fatal development. He was not the first person to hold this view or to state it: but he was probably the first person to array it in the guise of a necessary and scientific truth: and ever since his time it has occupied a foremost place in the teachings of all socialists, and

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forms an overture to all their formal manifestoes. Here, for instance, we have it in the Erfurt Programme of the German Socialists in 1891 :

"With this growing monopoly [which is the essential characteristic of modern civilization as now organized] goes hand in hand the crushing out of existence of the shattered small industries by industries of colossal growth, the development of the tool into the machine, and a gigantic increase in the productiveness of human labor. But all the advantages of this revolution are monopolized by the capitalists and the great landowners. To the proletariat and the rapidly sinking middle classes, the small tradesmen of the town, and the peasant proprietors, it brings an increasing uncertainty of existence, increasing misery, oppression, servitude, degradation, and exploitation.

"Ever greater grows the mass of the proletariat; ever vaster the army of the unemployed, ever sharper the contrast betwen the oppressor and the oppressed, ever fiercer that war of classes between bourgeoise and proletariat which divides modern society into two hostile camps, and is the common characteristic of every industrial country."

If we turn from Europe to America we find precisely the same kind of statement in the writings of Mr. Henry George. He, too, uses it as the overture to his best-known work. Our existing civilization, he says in his introduction to *Progress and Poverty*

"simply widens the gulf between Dives and Lazarus. . . . The association of poverty with progress is the great enigma of our times. . . . All the increased wealth which modern progress brings goes but to build up great fortunes, to increase luxury, and make sharper the contrast between the House of Have and the House of Want."

Every Socialist or semi-socialistic teacher, every reformer or agitator, who sets himself against existing institutions, takes some statement of similar purport for his text. He uses it to excite, to intoxicate, or to madden his hearers, with a view to preparing their minds for the reception and assimilation of his teachings. And he does so because he finds it necessary to do so. The above belief, in fact, with regard to existing civilization, does not indeed form the logical basis of Socialism, but it creates the only atmosphere in which Socialism can practically and popularly flourish.

Now as to America, in connection with this matter, I am not qualified to speak with sufficiently precise knowledge ; but as to the chief countries of Europe, and England in particular, it may be said with the utmost confidence—a confidence derived from the most authoritative and various information—that the above belief is altogether wrong, that it is not only not the truth, but

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an absolute inversion of the truth. In England the average fortunes of the rich are distinctly, even if not greatly, decreasing; persons with moderate fortunes, of from £150 to £1,000 a year, are increasing faster than any other class; whilst so far as concerns the increase of the individual income, the average increase has been greatest among the laboring and wage-earning masses. Mr. Giffen, for instance, the Statistical Secretary to the Board of Trade, to whom English Socialists, whenever it may suit their purpose, are accustomed to appeal as the greatest living authority, has declared that so far as "the individual income" is concerned, "it would not be far short of the mark to say that the whole of the great material improvement of the past fifty years has gone to the masses." And whatever test we apply, the same conclusion is forced on us. The masses not only receive as a whole larger incomes, but their incomes procure them more comforts and luxuries; they inhabit better houses, wear better clothes, they consume per head an increasing quantity of bread, meat, butter, tea, sugar, and tobacco; and, as the last census shows, the number of persons, such as clowns, jugglers, singers, and the humbler class of actors, who minister exclusively to the amusement of the poorer classes, has increased during the past ten years by as much as 80 per cent. If the Socialistic view of the situation were true in any particular, we might imagine it would be true in the following—that even though the number of moderate incomes was increasing, the number of employers and small independent tradesmen was decreasing, many small factories being merged in a few larger factories, and many small shops in a few gigantic emporiums. But even this, when the matter is examined, appears not to be the case. So far as it is possible to arrive at any conclusion, the number of manufacturing firms and retail shops in London has during the past ten years kept pace with the increase of the population, or has even grown somewhat faster; whilst the number of separate textile factories, instead of diminishing, as Karl Marx predicted, increased from 6,807 in 1870 to 7,465 in 1855.

It is not, however, my purpose to go further into details. It is enough for my present purpose to observe that the whole Socialistic view of the existing situation is wrong—certainly so far as regards Europe, preëminently so far as regards England; and I believe I am right in saying, with regard to America also. At all

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events if the case of America differs in any respect from that of England, the difference is due to some other cause than the modern system of industrialism, for that is practically the same in both these countries: and the natural tendency of that system, as is shown by England, which is its most complete example, instead of being, as the Socialists say, to make the rich ever richer, the poor ever poorer, and to crush out the middle classes, has been for the past fifty or sixty years, and is at the present moment, to make the rich more numerous indeed, but slightly poorer; to multiply the middle class far faster than the rich, and to lift the masses of the people further and further above poverty.

And now having said this by way of preface, let me proceed to the main point with which I wish, in these few pages, to deal. If the tendencies of our existing civilization are really what they have just been stated to be—if wealth instead of being merely flowing into the reservoirs of the few, is also diffusing itself throughout the entire community; if the gulf between the rich and the poor, instead of ever widening, as our Socialistic manifestoes say it is, is really being filled up, partly by the multiplication of the middle-class, and partly by a rise in the wages of the working-classes—how is it that a view, so diametrically opposed to the truth, should gain the ready and wide acceptance that it does? For the Socialistic view is very far from being held by Socialists and revolutionists only. Many ardent defenders of the existing order of things are to be found who believe that the Socialists practically speak the truth, and who, as they look round them on society, are distracted almost equally by a despairing concern at the growing misery of the majority, and despairing alarm for the civilization which such misery seems to threaten and condemn. What is the explanation of this?

The explanation is that in spite of the absolute falsehood of the Socialistic view, there are a large number of facts which make it eminently plausible, and to all the large class of persons whom we may call *economic impressionists*, seem to be daily adding fresh proof of its truth. "In the United States," says Mr. George, "it is clear that squalor and misery, and the vices and crimes that spring from them, everywhere increase as the village grows to the city, and the march of development brings the advantage of the improved methods of production and exchange." The whole class of facts which I allude to is summed up in this statement—a state-

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ment which is indubitably true ; and it will apply equally well to England, or to any other country where modern industrialism has established itself. What I wish to do in the present article is first to give the facts in question the fullest and frankest recognition : and then to point out that their significance is totally misinterpreted by Mr. George and persons of similar sympathies ; and that these facts themselves are perfectly compatible with that general progress which it is the interest of the agitator, the Socialist, and the nostrum-monger to deny; and to point out finally, not that we should disregard these facts—not that we should disregard "this squalor, misery, and vice,"—but that we should look at them from a different standpoint, and consider them in a different spirit.

Let me begin then by insisting on the simple, the obvious, yet constantly overlooked explanation of the seeming paradox that a town, a community, a nation, may as a whole be growing constantly more prosperous, and may yet contain an increasing number of squalid and miserable persons. The explanation is that wherever the modern industrial system has been introduced—in whatever country and at whatever spot labor has been massed together and put into operation by capital manipulated by intellect and ability, there has not only resulted an enormous increase in the production of wealth, but there has been also an enormous increase in the population : and thus, though the latter has not been by any means so great as the former, and though not only the actual gross product is increased, but the gross product per head of those employed in production, and though the share taken by each member of an overwhelming majority of the population may year by year be steadily increasing also, there may yet continue to exist a minority—a residuum which for some reason or other is outside this general progress ; and the absolute number of those who compose this residuum may increase, and yet the number relative to the population may be stationary, or actually diminishing.

Let us take such a case, for instance, as that mentioned by Mr. George—the case of the village growing to be the city—growing, in a very short time, as has often happened in America, from a community, say, of five hundred persons, to one of fifty thousand. Now let us suppose that in the village nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants were well to do, and only one-twen-

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tieth were poor. That will give us a pauper class of twenty-five persons. And next let us suppose that the village has grown into the city ; and that some one who remembers what the place was when a village takes a census of its pauper class now; and finds, as he very well might, that the paupers have now increased to a thousand. Here, then, within a radius, let us say, of one mile, the modern industrial system has produced a thousand miserable human beings, where before there were twenty-five only—it has added to their number nine hundred and seventy-five persons ; and yet the proportion of the miserable to the prosperous was far greater formerly than it is now. In the old days there was one unfortunate human being to every twenty fortunate ones ; there is now only one to fifty. The actual number of paupers has increased twenty-fold ; the proportionate amount of pauperism has decreased by more than one-half.

If we would judge of the relation in which progress stands to poverty, it is the relative amount of poverty we must consider, and not the absolute amount. To adopt the opposite course is either madness, stupidity, thoughtlessness, or dishonesty, or a mixture of all four. That this is so we can see very easily, by turning from poverty to two other dreaded evils—disease and death. As population increases in a given area, there will be more cases of illness within that area than there were before ; but this is no proof that the inhabitants are becoming less healthy. It is quite compatible with an improvement in health, throughout all classes. And if we consider death, the case becomes yet clearer. If there are fifty thousand people within an area of four square miles, more people will die within that area than died within it when it contained five hundred only ; and yet the death rate may none the less be lower. If then, we would estimate the real character of modern progress, so far as it relates to the poorest and most miserable classes, what we must consider is not the actual number of the poor, but the rate of pauperism ; just as, if we would estimate the result of this progress upon health, what we must consider is the death-rate, and not the number of deaths. In justice, however, to those who forget this, or who reason as if they did not perceive it, let me repeat what I said just now—namely that many of these persons reason as they do, neither from madness, stupidity, nor dishonesty, but simply from thoughtlessness. Their emotions hurry them away, and do not give them

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time, or leave them patience, to think. And an even greater number reason thus, owing to a different, and yet allied cause—namely, ignorance. Prompted by the noblest and the most unselfish motives, they make themselves familiar with the details of the poverty round them; and the terrible and pitiful spectacles of human suffering and helplessness which crowd upon their notice, and of which there seems to be no end, so fill their minds, so confuse their sympathies, and cast so sinister a shade over the whole social landscape, as to make them feel that here, and nowhere else, is the sure test of what modern progress is doing. Each fresh case of misery which they come across seems some fresh evidence against society as at present constituted—fresh evidence that its evil influence is increasiug; and this evidence is to their minds so conclusive that it tends to leave no room in them for any other evidence that might rebut it; and renders them contemptuous, impatient, or indignant, when the existence of such is hinted at.

Nor, to say the truth, can such a state of mind be wondered at. Owing to the diffusion of news which has helped to make much suffering public, the spread of education which has given it a voice of its own, and a sympathy with sufferers, which has been quickened amongst all classes, partly by a fuller knowledge of the condition of the sufferers, partly by the action of those complicated causes which have made the individual more sensitive than in ruder ages to personal pain and hardship, the persistence of poverty amongst great and growing wealth has naturally tended to force itself with increasing vividness on the imagination of everybody—even of the most careless; and if it were not for the existence of dispassionate statistical information few could probably resist, and none disprove, the conclusion that the rate of pauperism and misery was actually increasing also. The fact is, in short, that if we confine ourselves to the merely philanthropic and emotional study of poverty—if we go to it with eyes dim with what silly sentimentalists delight to talk about as "the great passion of pity," the spectacle of poverty in the modern world is almost sure to produce the impression that poverty and misery are ever increasing. But this impression is neither more nor less than a gigantic optical delusion, which every wise and every conscientious man should not only fight against, instead of encouraging in himself, but should avoid communicating to any other

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person, just as he would, if he could, avoid communicating ophthalmia.

The reader must not for a single moment suppose that what I say is meant to discourage pity, or kindness, or the spirit of practical benevolence; or that I underrate the importance which the fact of modern poverty possesses on moral, social, religious, and political grounds alike. But I do say that, though it is possible to assign to it, on many grounds (though not on all), too great importance, it is a mistake—it is worse than a mistake—it is fatal to the best interest and hopes of the poor themselves, to give poverty an importance that for a moment overshadows or shuts our eyes to the fact—which after all is ten times more important—the fact that if one-tenth or one-twelfth part of a growing population remains, as it does in England, half destitute in the midst of riches, nine-tenths or (as there is better reason to believe) eleven-twelfths of it are assured shares in whatever progress may be made, and are sure to be found, if we compare one ten years with another, to be enjoying conditions which are in every way improving steadily.

I say if we compare one ten years with another; and I say this for a reason which I must mention as a supplement to what I have said already. I have pointed out that the main cause which makes the Socialistic view so plausible is the inevitable increase which has taken place in the number of the poor within given areas, within walking distance of given spots, within the eyesight of each observer, though there has been no increase, but a decrease, in proportion to the surrounding population. But there is another cause which also assists this delusion. This is that, though the progress of the masses as a whole has been and is continuous, it is a progress which resembles the incoming of the tide rather than the flowing of a river. It is continuous if we consider it in its general course and for extended periods; but it is varied by temporary retrogressions. Wages which during one decade may have advanced forty per cent. may at the beginning of the next decade decline twenty per cent., and several years may elapse before they rise above or even reach their former level; and the discontent and even the suffering caused by such a decline is sure to be more apparent than the satisfaction that was caused by the increase. Thus the delusion that growing poverty is a result of modern progress is produced not only by the

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fact that poverty still exists amongst a small minority of the population, but also by many incidents in the economic history of the majority, who are reaping the benefits of this progress in every circumstance of their lives.

And now let me return to what I was just now saying—and it is the main point on which I am here anxious to insist. In studying the tendencies of our existing industrial system, the first thing which it is necessary for us to consider is the effects for good on the vast majority of the population which demonstrably flow from this system, and are altogether peculiar to it; and not the unhappy condition of a small minority, which is merely its accidental accompaniment, and which, if we judge of it by its relative magnitude, the existing industrial system not only does not increase, but tends gradually to diminish.

I might insist on this most important truth from the point of view of the majority. I might insist that we had no right to run the risk of upsetting a system on which the certain welfare of eleven men depends, for the sake of a doubtful chance of conferring some benefit on a twelfth man. I might point out that of all forms of social gambling such a course would be the most reckless, the most imbecile, the most desperate. But this point I here pass over entirely. I shall urge nothing from the point of view of the majority; I shall confine myself entirely to the interests of the unfortunate minority. The worst preparation possible, then, for dealing with modern poverty is to exaggerate its extent and its significance. It is quite true that if we take individual cases of want, squalor, and degradation, it may be impossible to exaggerate their tragic sadness or horror, or to feel too deeply with regard to them. But individual cases, in so far as they are related to the social question at all, and in so far as they seem to suggest the necessity for any social action, stand on quite a different footing to that on which they stand if we take them as so many individual appeals to our sympathies. Viewed in connection with society, the most serious thought which the individual case of suffering suggests to us, is not the relief of the individual sufferer, but the extent to which social arrangements have, either positively or negatively, been the cause of his suffering, and the social action by which we may be able to reduce the number of similar cases in the future. We must, in short, view the poverty-stricken section of the community as a diseased or suffering part of

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a body, of which the larger part is sound and vigorous, and increasing in health and strength. With the body politic it is just as it is with the body of the individual. Acute inflammation in one place, or a small broken bone or a single overstrained muscle, may cause pain so acute that the patient will imagine himself suffering in every nerve, and terrify himself by fancying that every organ is diseased; and foolish friends will imagine that they best express their sympathy for him by repeating what he says about himself, with even greater emphasis; they will commiserate him for tortures which they really create by suggesting them, and will be anxious to treat him for diseases of which his system does not hold even a germ. In such cases the business of a doctor is plain. It is his business to be calm when the sufferer's friends are hysterical; and, instead of agitating himself over the extent of the man's sufferings, to show to him and his friends how limited and how local is their cause. He will even, most likely, show the truest kindness by a little roughness. "Fool," he may say, "there is nothing radically wrong with your stomach, your intestines, your heart, your lungs, or your liver; and if you get any quack to treat you as if there were, you will be causing the very evils from which you are clamoring to be cured. What you suffer from is a wound in your hand, your foot, or your shin-bone, and what we must do is to render this part as healthy as the rest of your body; whereas, you and your friends would be for making the rest of your body as diseased as the suffering part."

And in precisely the same spirit will every rational reformer, whether he is statesman, philanthropist, or political economist, approach the body politic, with regard to the disease of poverty. Undeterred by appearances he will proclaim the great truth that society, as at present constituted, has none of those tendencies which Mr. George and the Socialists attribute to it. He will point out that, with the exception of a small minority, all classes are increasing in material comfort; and that the great problem, with regard to poverty, which the statesman has to solve, is not how to revolutionize our institutions in the interests of the unfortunate, but how to absorb the unfortunate into the society which the Socialists are anxious to destroy. Empirics and impressionists, like Mr. George and the Socialists, may go, if they like, into every town in Europe and America, and collect cases,

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in endless thousands, of misery in the midst of civilization. They easily could do so. But reasonable men should inform them that as an argument for any fundamental reform—any reform that strikes at the roots of the existing order—these countless cases are of no value at all, until they are compared with the cases ten times more numerous, which show the effects of progress on the vast majority of the race, and the diminution in the proportion of those whom the material benefits of that progress fail to reach.

Let me once more insist, with the utmost emphasis possible, that the views just set forth are in no way designed or calculated to conflict with that deep concern which suffering excites in the hearts of the non-sufferers, and especially in the hearts of multitudes amongst the richer and the richest classes. I have said nothing that is designed, for a moment, to make light of the social problem which poverty, in the midst of progress, presents to us. The importance of poverty, from many points of view, is not lessened by the fact that poverty is proportionately decreasing, or at all events not increasing. For the importanec of the number of unfortunate persons, within any given area, is, from many points of view, to be measured, just as the efficiency of an army is, not by its relation to the population, but by reference to the areas in question. Fifty thousand discontented men may be a greater danger to a million prosperous men than twenty discontented men may be to a hundred prosperous men; though in the latter case the rate of discontent is twenty per cent., and in the former it is only five. But in devising methods for meeting and obviating the danger, and in understanding its nature and its causes, it makes all the difference in the world to us whether we recognize or do not recognize the fact that the natural tendency of our existing civilization is to decrease and not increase the relative magnitude of the poorer classes, and not only to increase the proportion borne by the prosperous classes, but to add to the prosperity of each individual belonging to them.

Whenever, therefore, the agitator and the revolutionary come before us with their lamentable statistics of misery, and ask us if these do not disprove our assertion as to general progress, our answer is simple : These statistics, if reliable, prove that there is a large number of persons whom we must earnestly endeavor to help, but they do not prove that there is any existing institution

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which we should endeavor, for that purpose, either to revolutionize or destroy. Socialists would accentuate the accidental evils of civilization, so as to make it intolerable to as many persons as possible. The true saviors of all classes alike are those who strive, so far as may be, to remove or to soften these evils, and then to convert the enemies of the existing order into its friends, and to show even the most miserable that, in attacking it, they have this to lose—namely their main practical chance of becoming, as a class, more prosperous.

W. H. MALLOCK.

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CHINA AND JAPAN IN KOREA.

BY THE HON. AUGUSTINE HEARD, LATE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO KOREA; DURHAM WHITE STEVENS, COUNSELOR OF THE JAPANESE LEGATION AT WASHINGTON; AND HOWARD MARTIN, EX-SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION AT PEKIN.

MR. HEARD:

OPINION in this country runs so strongly in favor of Japan, and against China, and upon what I conceive to be such insufficient grounds, that, believing it to be the duty of every one who can to contribute to the general enlightenment, I venture to add my mite.

It seems to be thought sufficient that Japan has resolutely entered on the path of western civilization, while China holds back, for one to argue that the chief aim of Japan, in case of success, will be to help Korea to the enjoyment of the same privileges, forgetting that the first object of a conqueror is to get as much as possible himself out of the conquest. As an illustration, which will be acceptable in the United States, though I might not use it elsewhere, even England, the country, *par excellence*, of conquest and civilization, is believed to think first for herself, in matters, for instance, relating to India and Egypt.

Japan has unquestionably the predominant commercial interest in Korea, and her views regarding the development of the trade are worthy of serious consideration; but the manner in which she advances her views—whether by persuasion or cannon ball—is a fair subject for criticism. The number of her subjects in the open ports on the 31st December, 1892, was 9,132, and of Chinese 1,604.

Korea is a poor agricultural country—though rich in possibilities—entirely destitute of roads, and her progress under the

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circumstances, and considering the short time which has elapsed since she was opened to the influence of foreign ideas, has not been wholly contemptible. In 1884, the first year of which we have trustworthy statistics, she imported goods from abroad to the value of $999,720, and exported goods to the value of $737,-635 which included $312,022 gold. In 1892 she imported $4,598,485, and exported $3,296,490, of which $852,751 was gold, making the total value of the trade in 1892 $7,894,975. In 1891 the total value was $9,311,890, which was the largest ever reached in one year. Of these amounts fully half of the imports and more than nine-tenths of the exports should be credited to Japan. The total declared and undeclared export of gold is supposed to be not far from $3,000,000 annually, of which a considerable portion goes to Japan; but as most of it is undeclared, it is impossible to follow it. When Japan was opened to foreigners she was supposed, from her large supplies of gold and its small value as compared with silver—about 3 to 1—to possess very rich mines. The truth was in time ascertained to be, however, that she had few gold mines, not very productive, and that much of her gold came from Korea.

Japan has also almost a monopoly of transportation. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japanese Steamship Company) runs steamers between Kobe and Tientsin or Newchwang, touching at Nagasaki, Fusan, Chemulpo, and Chefoo, every fortnight throughout the year, and during the summer other steamers ply between Chemulpo, Fusan, and Kobe every few days. A Chinese steamer makes the voyage from Shanghai to Chemulpo, via Chefoo, every three weeks. These afford the only steam communication, but a large number of schooners and junks is employed in the carrying trade.

Another source of revenue to her, which is not included in the above figures, is in the fisheries on the southern coast. Mr. Hunt, the Commissioner of Customs at Fusan, estimated the value of the yearly catch in that neighborhood at about a million and a half dollars; but owing to the light charges and insufficient penalties of the Convention, Korea gets almost nothing from it. Any alteration in the fisheries would, I fear, hardly be to the pecuniary advantage of Japan. Her present attitude towards Korea irresistibly reminds one of the wolf and the lamb in the fable. "You are disturbing my water," says the wolf, standing

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up stream, and proceeds to devour the innocent. "You are interfering with my trade," says Japan, "I must put down these rebellions," and takes Korea by the throat.

What are these troubles which Japan feels called upon to suppress? There have been at times in every province risings of the people against extortionate officials, but there has been no political outbreak for many years, unless the late movement of the Tong Hak, or men of the Eastern Religion, may be so considered. This began to assume a serious aspect in the spring of 1893. Early in March of that year, a body of men numbering about thirty, coming from one of the southern provinces, knelt down before the palace gates in Seoul, and asked leave to present a petition to the king. The scroll, lying on a small red table before them, bore the inscription:

"The petition of subjects of different Provinces, scholars, of whom the chief is Pak Siung Ho, humbly submits:

"The religion of the late Ch'e Chay Wo was condemned as heresy and sorcery, though in reality its teachings were to respect Heaven, to purify the heart, to protect the nation, and to tranquillize the people. Now this is a grievance to be redressed."

And its requests were said to be:

First, The rehabilitation of their founder, who had been put to death in 1864 under circumstances of ignominy.

Second, Permission to practise their religion.

It was asserted that the petition also sought the expulsion of foreigners, but this was strenuously denied. The tenets of their faith, so far as they could be ascertained, did not appear to foreigners particularly objectionable, but after two or three days the King refused to receive the petition, and ordered the petitioners and all connected with them to depart. He further admonished them to abandon their false doctrines, and return to the true faith (of Confucius), or he would be compelled to raise them nearer heaven (in other words, take off their heads).

It was believed that great numbers of the Tong Hak—many thousands—had taken advantage of the examinations being held at this season in honor of the Crown Prince's birthday, to introduce themselves into the city, and rumors that some thirty thousand of them had collected at Po Eun, in the south, to march on Seoul, becoming current, a good deal of uneasiness was felt among the Koreans. People thought that the Tong Hak must have suddenly become very strong, or have strong political back-

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ing, to dare to risk themselves openly in Seoul. Heretofore they had been seized and killed without ceremony, but now they seemed to defy the authorities. What did it mean? There was evident discomposure in high places, and men whispered that the Tai Wan Kun was at their back.

The Tai Wan Kun is the father of the King, a man of strong character, universally respected, and regarded as a typical, patriotic Korean. As strongly opposed to the Queen and her family, the Mins, who have the chief places of power and profit in the kingdom, and who are universally hated, he is always looked upon as a possible leader of revolution, and the recollection of an attempt which was made upon his life the year before,* attributed to the Queen's party, was thought to be influencing him now.

Foreigners did not, as a rule, believe that there was serious cause for alarm. True, offensive placards had been affixed to the houses of two American missionaries, but this was thought to be the work of discharged servants. Even the most alarming rumors represented the insurgents as practically unarmed, and they appeared to be a motley mob, which could be easily dispersed by a few disciplined, determined men. A violent manifesto of the Tong Hak was received in Seoul, said to have been forwarded by the Governor of Chulla Do, in which foreigners and Japanese were vehemently attacked, and ordered to leave the country; but men sent into the southern provinces to the places where there were said to be large masses of malcontents came back, reporting that they had found no such bodies, but that everywhere they had heard tales of the dreadful things which were being done in Seoul. These men, however, might have been deceived, or might wish to deceive; but Roman Catholic priests, coming from the same districts to the capital, told the same story. Everything was quiet there, but everything in disorder, they were told, in Seoul. There was strong indication of a manufactured excitement.

The Japanese, alone of foreigners, seemed to take the matter *au sérieux*. On April 13 the consul issued a private circular to his countrymen, warning them that there was danger of attack, from which the Korean authorities would probably be unable to

* I am aware that it is denied that any such attempt was made, and that much ridicule is thrown on the story. I have reason, however, to believe it to be true.

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defend them; that they must prepare to send their women and children to Chemulpo at a moment's notice. Young, able-bodied men were directed to report at his office for instructions.

At this time there was a good deal of tension between the Japanese Minister, Mr. Oishi, and the Korean Foreign Office, owing to a claim for indemnity for damage sustained by Japanese merchants in consequence of a prohibition of the export of beans at Wönsan, which was pushed with more energy than courtesy. It was a common remark in Seoul that Mr. Oishi would be delighted to have a pretext to interfere by force in Korea, and it is not impossible that a reflection of this nature induced the Chinese Minister, Yuan Tsze Kwan, to recall two heavy cruisers, which had touched at Chemulpo on their way to China and had been allowed to depart.

Mr. Oishi was known to have visited the Tai Wan Kun. His speeches and writings regarding Korea before leaving Japan, and his radical course in politics, had caused great alarm at the Palace when his appointment as minister was made known, and it was feared that he came as the precursor of Kim Ok Kiun. This famous rebel was reported to be at Nagasaki, waiting for the ball to open. If Japan desired nothing but peace and pleasantness in Korea, as she asserts now, she could not have made a more unfortunate appointment. It was a direct intimation to the Government that an "energetic" policy was to be inaugurated, and Mr. Oishi immediately proceeded to demonstrate the validity of the fears his name had provoked. Up to this time Japan had been represented by gentlemen, whose courtesy and character had gained for them the liking and esteem of all who came in contact with them, Koreans and foreigners. But now a chill was in the air. It was felt that Japan had changed her policy towards Korea.

In view of all these circumstances, it is not perhaps strange that the opinion was held by more than one person in Seoul that the whole Tong Hak movement was engineered in the Japanese Legation. I did not myself think so at the time. I believed that the Tong Hak were playing the Japanese game, though they did not know it; but by the light of more recent events, it is permitted to doubt whether, if it were not originated, it were not fostered and fomented there. "*Cui prodest scelus, is fecit,*" is as true to-day, as in the days of old Rome.

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In this connection, a telegram received to-day, while I am writing, is interesting. It states that:

"The King of Korea has appointed his father, the Tai Wan Kun, to have the control of his public affairs, and to direct the reforms, etc. The Japanese minister was summoned to the palace several days ago and informed that reforms had been inaugurated, with reference with which he would be consulted from time to time."

This intelligence comes from Japan, and, if it is not true, it indicates what is there considered as probable or desirable.

After two or three months the excitement died away, the various assemblages dispersed, and all was quiet. This year we have had a revival of the Tong Hak movement, stronger, of course, as it was not put down originally by force and the profuse shedding of blood; and it is this which has been the occasion, if not the cause, of the recent action of China and Japan. In her trouble Korea turned to China for help, as her best friend, and China came, never neglectful of an opportunity for posing as the beneficent suzerain.

I may here say a few words on the vexed question of vassalage. The relations between China and what she formerly called her Tributary States—Annam, Tonquin, Siam, Burmah, Korea, etc.—and what she now calls her Vassal States, were and are curious and peculiar. The duties and responsibilities which were recognized in mediæval Europe between vassal and sovereign—of service on one side and protection on the other—were here unknown. The inferior power invariably took the initiative and rendered homage, if so disposed, and the superior received it with dignity and condescension. The act was purely voluntary, and might be omitted through long intervals without in any way disdisturbing peaceful relations. "It is the respectful homage of an inferior to a superior, and not that of a fief to a sovereign. It is the sincere regard of a disciple to a teacher." *

China was looked upon by these satellites as the Central Sun, the Fountain of light and heat. Her power was undoubtedly superior to that of any one of them, and they sometimes appealed to her for protection. Her books were their classics, and she frequently invested their rulers with the insignia of royalty. Even in Japan, every gentleman was expected to know the Chinese

* Dr. S. Wells Williams, in the *Journal of the N. C. Branch of the Asiatic Society*, 1866.

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literature. Her position was not unlike that of the Pope, with his reverent circle of Catholic states.

Korea differed from the other tributary states in that in 1637, after her conquest by China, she made a treaty in which she promised to send annual tribute.

The introduction of Europeans into Eastern life in modern times changed China's point of view. Siam had fallen away almost without a murmur, but when Annam and Tonquin yielded to the dominion of the French, she protested, though long before their allegiance had been practically terminated. As we all know when France and the United States wished to call China to account for offences committed by Korea, she denied all responsibility. She aided in making our treaty in 1882; indeed without her active assistance it never could have been made. No doubt she thought Korea would be safer from foreign attack if she were received into the family of nations, though she had many misgivings, as was proved by her attempt at the last moment to have herself recognized in the treaty as sovereign. This attempt having failed, the king wrote his famous letter to the President (and afterwards to the heads of other states, as new treaties were formed) in which he stated that he was tributary to China, though independent in the management of his internal and external affairs. President Arthur replied substantially that he was pleased to hear this, as the United States could only make treaties with independent powers. This fixed our status. Whatever may have been, or may be, our opinion with regard to the relations formerly existing between China and Korea, it has for us now no practical significance, but no sooner had the treaties been signed, and the step taken become, so to speak, irrevocable, than China saw the mistake she had made; she had no intention of giving up her sovereignty, and she has been trying ever since to get it back. Favored by the supineness or indifference of the treaty powers, little by little she has made considerable progress in this direction, and her influence in Korea is now more actively powerful than ever before. In this of course she has had the support of England. Before the treaties she only interfered when asked to do so; now she is always present.

Apart from any question of vassalage, however, there is unquestionably a strong feeling of respect and affection entertained by Koreans for China, growing out of the kindly treatment which

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has been the characteristic of Chinese intercourse with them, as a rule, though there have been marked exceptions.

It is far otherwise with Japan. She is hated by every Korean from the Northern Boundary to the Southern Sea. This hatred is a legacy from the Great Invasion three centuries ago, which left the country desolate, and from which she has never recovered; and it has been revived and intensified by the policy which has been lately pursued. The common people treat the Koreans with rudeness, and the questions between the two governments—such as the Quelpaert fisheries, and especially the Bean indemnity—have been discussed with acrimony, and have left great rankling and bitterness behind. In fact, the course of Japan in Korea, since the coming of Mr. Oishi, is only explicable on the theory that it is intended to conquer and reduce the people to subjection.

Korea needs radical reforms of all kinds. The King is enlightened, but unfortunately his early efforts at improvement were ill advised, and resulted in failure; while his nobles are corrupt, stationary, or retrograde, and impede all progress. Her political future is a most interesting problem, but discussion of it would lead us too far. I will only say here that I consider her independence as a first condition of progress and of safety from interested attack. This, too, was the opinion of such men as H. E. Mr. von Brandt and Sir Henry Parkes, as proved by the following extracts:

"I hope Korea may not pass into their (Russian) hands some fine day. The opening of Hakodate saved Yesso, and, if the Koreans were not such fools, they would see that the opening of their country would be their salvation also."—Sir Harry Parkes to Sir Brooke Robertson, Sept. 15, 1874.

"The great fear of the Chinese, however, is that the same thing which has happened with regard to the Loochoo Islands may repeat itself with regard to Korea, and they are certainly not very far from the truth in supposing that relations between Japan and Korea must end sooner or later in an armed conflict. I have told them twenty times that the best means of preventing an attempt by Japan to seize Korea would be to throw that country open to foreign intercourse."—H. E. Mr. von Brandt to Sir Harry Parkes, July 3, 1879.

My only object in this paper, which I have written with reluctance, was to put my countrymen on their guard against undue partiality for the party which I cannot but look on as the aggressor. This partiality is natural. The Japanese are a wonderfully progressive, high-spirited, brave, ingenious, enterprising, courteous people, artistic to their finger tips and most attractive. Favorites as they

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are, when they assert that they are animated by the most peaceful intentions, the impulse is to believe them. But all gentleness seems to go out of their nature when Korea is concerned. There were no horrors from which they shrunk in their last invasion, and the cry "On to Korea!" will always raise the Jingo Party in Japan. It is this party which is now gaining the ascendancy, and to which the Government seems to have finally yielded.

And now, to sum up, what conclusions do we arrive at?

First and foremost, that Japan, while protesting that she desires peace, has prepared war. She has not studied late European history without learning the enormous advantage of putting your adversary apparently in the wrong. So far as we know now, she has adroitly forced China to take the first ostensible step towards war, and so alienate general sympathy. It was as certain as anything earthly could be that Korea, if in trouble, would turn to China for help; that China must send troops, in despite of the treaty, and the result was inevitable. For her motives we have not far to seek. She is ambitious, and China is her hereditary enemy. And, just now, she is distracted by internal dissension, and hopes that war abroad will give her peace at home.

China is anti-progressive, not to say retroactive. She will delay or crush development; but if Korea falls into the hands of Japan, God help her! The historian wrote of her last descent upon the peninsula: "Thus ended one of the most needless, unprovoked, cruel, and desolating wars that ever cursed Korea, and from which it has taken her centuries to recover." *

We must not forget, however, that this occurred three hundred years ago, and that wars are not made with rose-water. On that occasion, as now, Japan was ostensibly striking at China through Korea. Let us hope that no such words shall need be spoken again, and that out of the shock of battle a new Korea may rise, independent, neutralized, if not protected, by agreement of the Great Powers. She cannot stand alone.

AUGUSTINE HEARD.

MR. STEVENS:

WAR between Japan and China has appeared probable on several occasions during the past twenty years. To many of those who best understand the situation in eastern Asia it has seemed

* And the ear monument of Kioto, under which lie the ears of over 200,000 Koreans, sent home as a trophy, still stands as a witness.

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inevitable. The forces at work in the two leading empires of the East are so different in their origin and so diverse in their operation that careful observers have seen, in the friction which has marked their contact for years past, the sure harbinger of eventual collision. "A house cannot stand half slave and half free;" two civilizations which once had much in common, but which are now totally dissimilar, could not long abide side by side without a struggle for supremacy.

Now that war is an actual fact, and while the passions which it arouses are at their height, even onlookers who have no direct interest in the strife may unconsciously become partisans, and it may be no easy matter to evoke a calm and impartial judgment. Nevertheless the writer ventures to present a few considerations which to his mind prove conclusively that Japan is not responsible for the outbreak of hostilities. This he must do at the risk of being considered a prejudiced witness on account of his connection with the Japanese Government. Although he has no hesitation in frankly acknowledging that, next to his own country, Japan must always hold the highest place in his affection and respect, since the question is one of fact and not of sentiment he is contented to meet this accusation with the facts which he is able to present. In doing so, however, it is only proper to add that what he has written is on his own responsibility entirely, and partakes in no sense of an official character.

The relations of Japan and of China to Korea date back to very early times. Both have conquered her, and she has successively recognized each as a suzerain power. It would be idle, however, to attempt to define these claims to suzerainty, whether arising from conquest or from mutual arrangement. They were of a peculiar character and possess no practical significance under the rules by which states now govern their relations to each other.

Japan's claim lapsed long ago. China has virtually abandoned hers on several occasions. To the United States and to France, respectively, when they demanded reparation for injuries sustained by their citizens in Korea, China expressly disavowed any responsibility for the actions of that country, and looked on without protest while each of those powers in succession sent military expeditions against Korea.

China made no objection when in 1876 Japan concluded a treaty with Korea, which in distinct terms asserts the inde-

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pendence of the Korean kingdom. Nor did she interfere when several years later first the United States, and then other Western powers in rapid succession, entered into such treaties with Korea as could only have been concluded with an autonomous state. And, finally, in 1885 China agreed to the Tientsin Convention with Japan, than which there could not have been a more complete surrender of whatever alleged suzerain privileges she might up to that time have still claimed the right to exercise.

To these examples, and to others that might be cited, the only answer ever made is that China has long maintained "relations of benevolence" toward neighboring weaker states, which cannot be precisely explained by the definitions of international law, but which nevertheless give her the right to assume a certain supervision over the affairs of those countries. Whatever may have been true of the past, when the West had not come into close contact with the East, and when China claimed suzerain rights over all the world within the limits of her geographical knowledge, such a pretension to-day is a manifest absurdity. It is more; it is an offence against the law of nations when, as in the present case, the claim is at times openly disavowed, and then surreptitiously utilized to the injury of innocent nations to which the alleged subordinate or tributary country is bound by covenants and obligations assumed as an independent state.

Yet it is precisely such an exercise by China of her shadowy claim to suzerainty over Korea that has led to war with Japan. They are not battling for the possession of Korea; Japan has distinctly disavowed such an ambition. They are fighting because China persists in playing a rôle in Korean affairs which menaces not Japanese interests alone, but the interests of every nation that has relations with Korea, and the success of which means the perpetuation of all those abuses which have reduced the Hermit Kingdom to its present level; the destruction of the germs of enterprise and progress; perhaps the final extinction of Korea as an independent state. These are strong expressions, but the writer believes that a review of the relations of the three countries for the past twenty years will confirm their accuracy.

Prior to 1876 the intercourse between Japan and Korea had lost much of its ancient importance. Japan had had her own troubles to contend with, and during the stormy era which preceded the Restoration, and for years after the culmination of that

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great movement, domestic affairs absorbed the attention of her government and people. But with the progress which came as a natural sequence of the new order of things—above all, with the growth of an united national spirit, which was, perhaps, its most notable result—the importance of promoting the welfare and safety of the empire by defining and strengthening its relations with neighboring states, especially with Korea, became apparent.

Korea is a natural bulwark to Japan. Its state of complete isolation at that time invited aggression and possible conquest. The French and American expeditions only a few years before had shown that China was either unwilling or unable to defend the integrity of the peninsular kingdom. Other nations might not have been so lenient as France and the United States had been, and the occupation of Korea by a strong foreign power, or a partition of the country between several such powers, constituted a grave menace to Japan. Other so-called tributary states of China had been thus absorbed; and there could not have been a stronger augury of a similar fate for Korea than China's own actions had furnished.

In 1875 an attack by a Korean fort upon a Japanese man-of-war making soundings off the coast emphasized the necessity for some definite treaty arrangement between the two countries. A mission was sent to Korea, and on the 26th of February, 1876, a treaty of peace and friendship was concluded.

Article I. strikes the keynote of the whole instrument. It reads as follows:

"Chosen being an independent State, enjoys the same sovereign rights as does Japan.

"In order to prove the sincerity of the friendship existing between the nations their intercourse shall henceforward be carried on in terms of equality and courtesy, each avoiding the giving of offence by arrogance or manifestations of suspicion.

"In the first instance all rules and precedents that are apt to obstruct friendly intercourse shall be totally abrogated, and, in their stead, rules liberal and in general usage, fit to secure firm and perpetual peace, shall be established."

Japan might have taken advantage of the unprovoked attack upon one of her public vessels to obtain a dominant position in Korea. Instead, she made a treaty containing no stipulation which can be construed as trespass upon Korean rights, or as an affront to the *amour propre* of the Korean people. This is certainly strong proof of the sincerity of her desire for the inde-

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pendence of Korea. Confirmation may be found, if needed, in the cordiality with which she subsequently welcomed the establishment of similar relations between Korea and some of the Western powers.

The Treaty of 1876 was followed by a wonderful growth in the trade between the two countries, until to-day Japan holds the leading commercial position in Korea. But the harmony of their intercourse has been more than once rudely shaken by the recurrence of those internal disturbances which are unhappily so common in the peninsular kingdom. On two occasions the Japanese Legation at Seoul was burned, the Minister obliged to fly, and unoffending Japanese were slaughtered in the streets of the capital. On neither occasion did Japan exact reparation incommensurate with the injury. She recognized the impotency of a weak government, and confined her demands to apology, and indemnity to the Japanese who had suffered by the outbreak of mob violence. Logical reason for this leniency can be found in the conditions which prevail in Korea. That country is cursed by a system of public administration for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. Corruption extends throughout every branch of the public service. Offices are bought and sold, and the revenues are farmed out to the highest bidder. Officials swarm over the land, and the people are ground down by their exactions. A few powerful families divide the spoils, and at times plunge the kingdom into disorder by their factional quarrels. At other times the peasantry revolt and attempt to throw off their burdens. The present sovereign, however well meaning he may be, is powerless to carry out his good intentions. The fault is in the system; the system is borrowed from China, and China seems determined to perpetuate it at all hazards. In all of Korea's domestic dissensions the hand of China can be traced. Her influence is secret, but none the less potent. She shirks responsibility to other nations, but hesitates at no means—cajolery, bribery, menace—to dominate Korea. Whatever object her policy may have, its plain result has been to paralyze progress, and to leave the country weak and defencelesss, a ready victim for foreign aggression.

The events of December, 1884, gave the Japanese Government an opportunity to define the relations of Japan and China to Korea. During the disorder which prevailed in Seoul at that time the Chinese troops had attacked the Japanese and had been

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repulsed. In settling the questions at issue with Korea, the Japanese Plenipotentiary insisted upon dealing directly with the Korean Government, and would not admit the right of China to interfere in any way. The question of the collision between the Japanese and Chinese troops was, he argued, a matter to be settled directly between China and Japan. The Chinese Government acquiesced in this view, and the result was the convention between Japan and China concluded at Tientsin on the 18th of April, 1885. By the terms of that convention the signatories bound themselves to remove their troops from Korea within four months. They furthermore agreed that they would persuade the King of Korea to employ military instructors (neither Chinese nor Japanese) to drill troops for the purpose of protecting the peace and tranquillity of his kingdom; and they also stipulated that neither power should send troops to Korea when serious internal disturbances occurred there, without giving timely notice to the other; and that the troops so sent should be withdrawn when the disturbances were at an end.

If Japan hoped that by this agreement she had placed Korea on the high road to reform, subsequent events have proved that hope to be futile. It is true that desultory attempts have been made to carry out the improvements contemplated by the Convention, but the same agencies which made Korea what she is have operated to neutralize their good effect. Matters have gone from bad to worse. Not Japanese alone, but every foreigner who has had dealings in Korea has found himself confronted by the difficulties and embarrassments so prolific in an impoverished country abandoned to misrule and corruption. The dry-rot of Chinese conservatism has pervaded everything. China herself, with her wonderful vitality and her abundant resources, has survived the same ordeal. To Korea it has been a living death.

For Japan the questions to which this state of things gives rise are of far more vital importance than for others. She has been obliged to relinquish the hope that Korea could under present conditions maintain the independence so essential to Japanese welfare, and yet the necessity of Korean independence to her own safety has become more and more apparent with the progress of events in the East.

The agrarian revolt which occurred in the spring of this year furnished the last object-lesson, if that were required, of the

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pressing need of drastic reform in the affairs of the Korean kingdom. That revolt was due to the usual cause, the arbitrary and oppressive exactions of Korean officials. In itself it was hardly more important than the many similar uprisings against tyranny and oppression of which Korea has been the arena. As an index of causes which, if not corrected, must always operate to keep Korea at her present level, it served a useful purpose.

Unable themselves to cope with the revolt, the Korean authorities called upon China for assistance. It was rendered with a precipitancy which smacked of preconcerted arrangement. The "timely notice" demanded by the Tientsin Convention to be given to Japan was of the briefest and most perfunctory character. Moreover, the curt announcement was accompanied by the statement that China had sent this aid to "the tributary country." Japan would have been more than human if she had not taken up the gage thus carelessly thrown down. She also sent troops, and in doing so she acted clearly within the rights secured to her by covenant and by custom. No nation has greater interests in Korea to protect than she, and none has suffered more in the past under similar circumstances. To guard against a repetition of injury was merely the exercise of ordinary prudence. Besides, there has been no concealment of the fact that the Japanese Government perceived in these events an opportunity for the permanent amelioration of Korean affairs. An isolated agrarian revolt might have been easily suppressed; the problem in this case was rather to extinguish the causes which had led to the constant recurrence of such revolts in Korea, and thereby to relieve that country of the necessity of calling upon either Japan or China for aid. This was the view of the case which the Japanese government frankly presented for China's consideration. They invited the Chinese government to join them in devising some plan whereby the administration of Korean affairs might be so improved as to place them upon a just and stable basis. They claimed no right that they did not concede equally to China; all that they asked was a fair and equitable adjustment of difficulties which threatened the interests of both countries. China's answer was confined to a simple demand for the withdrawal of the Japanese troops. The revolt was suppressed, she claimed, and there was no longer any necessity for the presence of foreign troops in Korea. The details of this negotiation, so characteristic of Chinese

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diplomacy, would be ludicrous, were it not for the tragic consequences which have followed. The Chinese troops had hardly landed in Korea, certainly they had not fired a shot against the rebels, when apparently the promptitude of Japan in following China's example took the Chinese and their Korean abettors by surprise, and the rebellion was suppressed. Then came the demand for the withdrawal of the troops; and the iteration of that demand has been the sole reply which China has deigned to make to Japan's proposals. It is the only answer she has made to the powers which intervened in the interests of both parties to effect an amicable adjustment of the differences between them. If at one time during the progress of the negotiations she seemed to yield to representations made in the interests of peace, the result has proved that it was merely to gain time to prepare for the conflict which she considered inevitable, and which she apparently was determined to do nothing to avoid.

Japan, if she had complied with that demand, would have stultified herself. Not only would there have been no assurance that the revolt which had been so miraculously suppressed would not have broken out again with a violence redoubled by the weakness which the Korean government had shown, but the certainty would have remained that the same causes would have produced the same effects, and that again and again Japan would have been called upon to encounter the same risks with the same bootless results. Is it therefore a matter of surprise that she resolved to reach the root of the difficulty, and to exterminate it once and for all, with China's assistance if possible, but, if not, by the exercise of the power which is of right hers as the one most vitally interested? Her attitude may be summed up in a word. She has expressly disavowed any idea of territorial aggrandizement, and she has no designs upon the independence of Korea. On the contrary, the consummation and the perpetuation of that independence are the very objects for which she is striving. In retaining her troops in Korea—the point upon which most stress has been laid—she has not only kept within the strict letter of her rights as defined by her compact with China, but she has taken the most effective means of carrying out the spirit and the purpose of its obligations. In doing this she has been forced into a war which she has used every honorable means to avoid. It would not be becoming in her friends to

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anticipate the result of that war, but in view of all that has been asserted, this much may be said: that no fear of domestic revolution or disturbance has forced her to this issue, and that she will use whatever advantage fortune may bring her with justice and moderation.

D. W. STEVENS.

MR. MARTIN:

To WESTERN nations at least, the most interesting and significant question at issue in the "Chino-Japanese war in Korea" is the resultant "Progress" or "Extermination" of modern civilization in the "Hermit Kingdom"; the crux of the present fight between the Tokio and Pekin governments. Especially is it of interest to all Americans, for to the United States is due the credit of having "opened up" to the world the "Land of the Morning Calm," as, indeed, they formally "opened up" Japan.

The entire world must be fully awake to the fact that the success of Japan in Korea means reform and progress—governmental, social, and commercial—in that unhappy country, measures already introduced and urged by the Japanese, but rendered almost failures both by the inertia and lack of public spirit in the natives, and a more or less active opposition on the part of China. The success of the Chinese means the forcing back of the Koreans to Oriental sluggishness, superstition, ignorance, and anti-foreign sentiment and methods. It is a conflict between modern civilization, as represented by Japan; and barbarism, or a hopelessly antiquated civilization, by China. The one is upholding the "laws of nations"; the other maintains to the bitter end its imperious ideas of vassal states. That knowledge should command certain sympathy, it would seem, for our little friends from the "Land of Gentle Manners," as Sir Edwin Arnold calls Japan.

It is difficult to define the exact nature of this quarrel. Both nations have for a long time claimed a suzerainty in Korea. It has been acknowledged to both by the continual payment of tribute, an excess, however, to China. Of late years this tribute has ceased, and the independence of the peninsula has been practically acknowledged by the toleration of her treaties with foreign nations and the sending abroad and receiving at Seoul of diplo-

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matic envoys. China has been making repeated efforts to change all this by protests at the Korean court, by efforts to re-establish the annual tribute to herself, and, finally, by placing a definite espionage over its monarch and his advisers in the person of a "resident," or virtual official reporter. Japan never yielded to China, even in the times of its existence, the right of these exactions—exactions she herself claimed and received hundreds of years ago—and has silently, but none the less fervently, yearned for conditions that would enable her to defiantly forbid them. She now feels herself in such readiness; it is the popular desire of the government and of the people, the enthusiastic demand of men and officers anxious to demonstrate, not entirely in a selfish way, their entire fitness to handle the empire's modern army and navy, whose tactics they have "at their fingers' ends," so to speak.

The universal service system used on the European continent is that on which the Japanese army is organized. Its men are well trained and full of that *esprit* so essential to the soldier. But they are not hardy, a result of the immoral practices of the country, and enter service in a more or less weakened condition, while their small stature is prejudicial to Western minds. They are, as a result of this physical reduction, however, agile and active, and might be likened to the Chinamen as athletes to giants. That these qualities are universal enough to be regarded as trifling was evidenced some years since by a prominent member of the Japanese Legation in Washington when witnessing the expert climbing of our cadets at Annapolis. His indifferent criticism was, "We have monkeys in our land that could do better." The Japanese fleet is now almost too well known to speak of. Her ships of war, of which there are about fifty modern steam vessels, are seen in every port in the world, and many of them rank among the fastest. Many foreigners are among its officers, and her affection for and sympathy with us were shown as usual in the selection of an American as the first foreigner to command one of her squadrons. Her coffers are sufficiently well filled for present needs, while her credit abroad is good.

Opposed to her the Chinese army is also well drilled and trained and composed of marvelous marksmen, whether with bow or rifle. Time and again I have seen wonderful target practice by her mounted archers: riding at headlong gallop they

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would rarely fail to hit a small ball lying on the ground; and the accuracy of their men with the native rifle, which has neither stock nor sight, hence no shoulder-aim, but which rests on the hip to be discharged and is lighted by a fuse, is most extraordinary. Where such personal skill exists, the mixture of ancient and modern equipment in its army can scarcely be deplored as creating an inefficiency.

During the war of 1842, a typical Chinaman, in command of a Chinese war junk, boarded one of the British gunboats before hostilities began and asked to see the captain. On meeting that officer the Chinese commander proceeded to remark that he, himself, was a "good flen" of the British captain and he had no doubt that the latter was also a "good flen" to him. Under these circumstances he made the proposition that since it was evidently undesirable that one "good flen" should injure another "good flen," when the impending attack began each captain should have his guns loaded with "fire-physic" only, and "no balls." This, he insisted, would make "plenty fire, plenty smoke, plenty noise," and the incidental advantages would be obvious and mutual. There is also a ludicrous, and probably authentic, story of the make-believe man-of-war, with a funnel and smoke, but no engines—constructed by the Chinese on one of the rivers of which the British were trying to force the passage, intended, without doubt, as a ruse to alarm the smaller foreign craft, and to deter it from passing up a stream, in the upper waters of which so formidable an antagonist awaited them.

The political atmosphere of China is so rarely disturbed by any break in its conditions or demands from "abroad," the two methods above cited fully illustrating the general lack of serious contemplation of any *casus belli*, that, as in the recent case with the Japanese, her enemies come upon her in the night season to find her "lamps untrimmed." This inertia has been ascribed to all sorts of causes. Official debauchery and corruption running rife over land and sea, misappropriation of millions voted by the throne for the army and navy budgets, an unquenchable conceit and overestimate of their own military and naval capacities—all have been urged as reasons for the lethargic condition of this mass of much despised civilization. These conclusions of a speculative, often uninformed, and usually prejudiced world at large as to their innocuous desuetude are not wholly correct.

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The Chinese are a superlatively peaceable nation, else by what force are these vast masses of human beings kept from flying at each other's throats and indulging in the luxury of mutual extermination? Her millions teem. The density of population and the tangled community of interests would, it would seem, lead to ever-recurring quarrels and strife, in this land of too many provinces, too many prefectures, too many districts, too many villages, too many families, too many persons. Wherever there is a sufficient expanse of water, her warriors may be found on large squadrons of junks; wherever there are mountains, millions burrow their way into defiles and recesses, troops armed with shield and spear, bow and arrow. She is not asleep. A few hours' outing will show one squads of soldiers armed with Remington breech-loaders, match-lock men, and trim steam gunboats mounting Krupp breech-loading cannon. A night's repose at the wayside inn or temple will be broken at early dawn by the rattle of musketry or the roar of cannon at their target practice. I am sure that no conditions of non-readiness have influenced her in the seeming apathy or hesitation as recently manifested. Their ideal warrior is not ours. But then is she not to us a land of contrarieties? In educating her officers she encourages personal prowess and skill rather than any instruction in military tactics or manœuvring or in any of the requisites of a strategist, and little attention is paid engineering, fortifications, or even letters in general. To the eyes of a westerner the sight of long lines of warriors in petticoats is not a reassuring one. And an umbrella or two and frequent fans up and down the ranks are not conducive to a conviction of soldierly vigor. The character for "brave" always found written on the backs of their uniforms instils a doubt by its assertion, though it was an unkind witticism of some writer that it "was placed on the back because there an enemy would see it oftenest." But their overwhelming numbers and the tough fiber of the troops are facts offsetting the brilliant but less solid qualities of the Japanese.

The central figures of the war are, of course, H. E. Li Hung Chang and Count Hirobumi Ito—Prime Ministers of their respective countries, and men, I do not hesitate to say, well matched in cleverness, versatility, and shrewdness, though the former is by nature and experience a thorough commander, while Count Ito is purely the veteran politician and diplomatist without military

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record. The two noblemen are personal friends, and H. E. Li was probably influenced in his tardy war action by a hope of maintaining peace through diplomatic and personal efforts with Count Ito. They have both run serious risks owing to their suspected leaning to foreigners, and in the case of H. E. of China narrowly escaped the fate of a mighty Chinese mandarin many years ago, who was degraded to the ranks for his "knowledge of and sympathy with Barbarians," as we are contemptuously called. Yet the highest honors of these two men are in great part due to the results of their unaltering faith in the value of foreign policy, of foreign principles of progress, and of foreign arms.

Korea, the cock-pit, is a poor struggling, strutting little kingdom with vaulting ambition and empty treasuries. Its long arm stretches out into the sea as if imploring protection from the grasping nations behind it.

China's exactions, Russia's ambitions, Great Britain's objections, are all old stories to the public. It is certain that the last two great powers are watching developments with jealous eyes, for the seaports of Korea are to each much coveted prizes. Russia is impatient to secure on her seaboard a desirable terminus for the great "Trans-Siberian Railway," instead of that now contemplated at Vladivostock, a port closed by ice four months of the year, and she is prepared to go to every extent to prevent any interference by Great Britain or any other power, if such interference conflicts with her interests. I am not sure that she has not stirred up the present strife that she might fish to her own advantage in troubled waters. England dreads any territorial aggrandizement for Russia, the probable result of a continued struggle, and I believe her already indirect effort to bring the war to a close will be followed up by earnest endeavors to induce the United States or Germany to arbitrate. Japan undoubtedly has her eyes on Korean territory, though her war-cry is "reform." Success now means a foothold there, and she will take it and as much more as she can get. Korea's safety seems to lie in her own weakness and the jealousies of great powers.

HOWARD MARTIN.

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OUR LITTLE WAR WITH CHINA.

SOME HITHERTO UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL PEIRCE CROSBY, U. S. N.

A FEW books on religion thrust into the hands of a young, fanatical, and impulsive man once came near causing the dismemberment of a great empire, and actually brought about a grave difficulty between that country and our own.

In 1850, affairs in China, especially along the seacoast, were in a bad condition. The country had then hardly recovered from the exhaustion and expense of the opium war with England, pirates ravaged its borders and rivers, and the reign of the young Emperor Tau Kwang was ushered in by widespread famine and pestilence. In addition to this, the sentiment of the people was especially bitter against foreigners, whom they considered responsible for the introduction of missionaries, the opium traffic, and other things which they had been brought to place in the same category as horrid evils, and the Emperor was regarded with dislike and suspicion on account of his inability to resume again the inviolate exclusiveness which had once characterized the Celestial Empire. Unable to conciliate or help his subjects, the young man at last retired to his palaces and passed a life of idleness and pleasure, leaving the offices of the government in hands that were unskilful and corrupt. The natural sequence of this was that the land was abandoned to misery and vice, a condition that had often in Europe paved the way for great social reformations. In this case the reformer was a remarkable man named Hung Sew-tsuen, then less than forty, who had, in his twentieth year, gone to present himself at an annual examination at Canton, and there fallen under the influence of Lenng A-fah, a preacher and colporteur, who had put into his hands a number of books compiled from or explana-

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tory of the Scriptures. At first these books had little effect on the young man, and his reading thereof was careless and superficial; but in 1847 a friend urged them again upon his attention, and together the two made an exhaustive study of the principles of Christianity. Their idolatrous early education made it impossible for them to clearly understand all that was before them, but, bearing in mind the horrors of the time and the advantages of a strict moral discipline for the suffering people, they became fired with religious enthusiasm and began to preach the creed as they understood it. Converts were widely made, the attempts at oppression were firmly and successfully resisted, and finally, with numbers growing continually, they were encouraged to attack and destroy the temples and priests of idolatry wherever found. The Emperor, becoming alarmed, despatched a body of Imperial troops against them, but these were defeated with slaughter in 1850, and the "Tai-ping Rebellion" gained head. The rebels started off on a march of conquest, subdued the provinces of Kwang-si and No-nan, and, in March, 1853, took the flourishing city of Nanking. Up to this time their discipline had been thorough and valuable. Their punishment of crime was swift and severe. But now it became evident that there was too much political corruption, haughty fanaticism, and heathenism mixed with their efforts at Christianity.

The world had been thrilled with the news that came from Nanking of this wonderful movement, begun, officered, and led by "heathen from the wilderness." It seemed as if a new nation had been born and as if the prophecies of Isaiah were about to be realized. Now the tide turned; their discipline grew lax; a campaign against Peking failed; they were expelled from the neighborhood of Shanghai and Ningpo, and their forces were scattered and demoralized. The last sad scene of all the bright promise they had given was in 1864, when the remnant of their host was defeated and butchered, and Hung Sew-tsuen died by his own hand in the hour of the destruction of all his hopes.

It was at Shanghai, in 1854, that our little difficulty occurred. At this time the rebels were in full force in the vicinity, and twenty thousand of the best drilled and most experienced of the imperial troops occupied a race-course near the city, fortifying it and using it as a camp, whence they made frequent sallies against the rebels. At the mouth of the river was a fleet of war junks and

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other vessels, under the command of Admiral Ho, of the Imperial Navy, while higher up by their respective consulates were two English men-of-war and the U. S. S. "Portsmouth," commanded by Captain John Kelly, of our own service.

The opium smuggling which had occasioned so much embarrassment to the Chinese Government was now going on about as usual, and Admiral Ho and the civil authorities on shore were doing all in their power to put a stop to the illegal traffic. The presence of rebels and the assistance furtively given them at times by foreign merchantmen, together with the intense hatred of the Chinese toward foreigners, made the authorities very arbitrary, and some of their actions were not only unjust, but beyond the proper scope of their powers. Everything was done to annoy the English and American boats as they passed between the ships and the shore, and several times the foreign quarter of Shanghai was invaded by bands of ruffians, composed of hangers-on of the imperial camp and sometimes of the soldiers themselves. This spirit of rancor and the lack of protection afforded aliens by the native powers at last roused the foreign consuls to meet together and take measures among themselves for the safety of their own and their fellow-citizens' interests. The Taoutae, or Governor, was accordingly informed that, as he could not protect the foreigners, they would protect themselves, and the men of the community armed themselves and stood ready for desperate emergencies.

About this time Captain Kelly, of the "Portsmouth," was informed that a pilot-boat, manned by Chinese, but flying the flag of the United States, had been boarded by a boat from the Chinese man-of-war "H. Compton," the flag hauled down, and her crew taken on board that ship, made fast to the rigging by their long queues, and promised an early execution the next morning. Captain Kelly promptly despatched Lieutenant John Guest (who afterward distinguished himself in our Civil War) to inquire into the outrage and demand the proper reparation. Mr. Guest proceeded on his mission in a boat manned by eleven armed men, and boarded the "Compton" alone, having previously instructed his sailors to follow him at once should he give a certain signal. On finding the captain, Mr. Guest imperatively demanded the release of the prisoners, inquired by what right they had been taken from a vessel flying the American flag,

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and promised a strict investigation in regard to the hauling down of the flag itself. A few surly replies followed from the Chinese captain, and his followers began to handle their muskets and press toward the American officer, their fierce yellow faces gleaming with hatred and anger. Mr. Guest promptly ordered his men on board, and, catching the captain by the collar presented his pistol at his head, and promised him instant death if a shot were fired. This settled the business, and Mr. Guest returned to the "Portsmouth" with the pilot-boat and her crew.

The next day Captain Kelly had an interview with our Consul and informed him that he must demand reparation for the insult to the flag, and that the imperial Chinese ship "Compton" should be required to hoist the American flag at the fore royal masthead and fire a salute in open day. In about two weeks the Consul wrote to Captain Kelly announcing that the Governor would not answer his communication except verbally, and that he (the Consul) therefore referred the matter to Captain Kelly's attention. The "Portsmouth" at once got under way and dropped down among the whole Chinese fleet with the intention of capturing the "Compton"; but before any demonstration was made the captain of that ship came on board the "Portsmouth" and announced that he had orders from the Governor to make any reparation that Captain Kelly desired. That officer responded that if his previous demand were not complied with he would either capture or sink the "Compton" in the midst of her consorts. The salute was fired the next day.

This episode so exasperated the Chinese that from this time forward the imperial troops kept constantly annoying the foreigners, who were in the habit of taking their afternoon walks and rides out on the race-course. The Governor was again appealed to by the consuls, but they were informed that it was not the regular troops that committed these acts, but a troop of camp followers, and that the Chinese Government had no authority in the matter. Things continued as before, getting worse daily, until finally a body of the imperialists attacked a gentleman and lady, wounding the gentleman in seven places and forcing the lady to fly for her life, pelting her with bricks and mud as she ran. Other foreigners were fired on and attacked at the same time, and a small guard of English marines who turned out to the assistance of the fugitives were being roughly handled, when

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Captain Kelly, hearing of the occurrence, landed a force of armed sailors and the marauders were driven back to their camps. Captain Kelly then attacked them again, and, being heavily reinforced by the English marines and soldiery and a body of militia hastily recruited among the Americans in the colony, captured and burned the nearest camp.

The next day the consuls officially notified the Chinese authorities of what had occurred, and informed them that if all the camps in the vicinity of the race-course were not evacuated by 4 p. m. of that day they would be captured and burned to insure the safety of the foreign residents. Reply was promptly made that the camps in question were occupied by 20,000 Imperial troops and it would be well for the foreigners to reflect before undertaking desperate measures. "Accordingly," says Captain Kelly, in one of his letters, with a delightful simplicity which is worthy of comment, "we landed at three o'clock, the English numbering 200 sailors and 50 volunteers and the American force consisting of 75 seamen and 25 armed American residents."

The English and American commanders then went forward to reconnoiter, accompanied by their respective consuls. After they had made a careful examination of the work before them, Captain Kelly proposed that they should attack in separate bodies, the English advancing by the right, and the Americans by the left flank. At this time Captain Kelly was joined by thirty armed American merchant sailors who placed themselves under his command. Captain Kelly's proposal being agreed to by the English commander, Captain O'Callahan, the little party took up its position within 200 yards of the imperial batteries.

The Americans had brought two light fieldpieces with them, and at 4 P. M. precisely these began throwing shells into the camp, an example which was soon followed by Captain O'Callahan, who opened a sharp fire of musketry. No return being made from the enemy's battery, Captain Kelly ceased firing and ordered a charge. The English again followed his example, and when the allies came within fifty yards the Chinese opened fire. The first volley killed one and wounded four of the Americans, but the gallant little party advanced so steadily and kept up so accurate and incessant a fire that on their quickening their pace and advancing right up to the breastworks the Chinese broke and fled in disorder. The volunteers, now fearing that they

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would be too late to participate in the victory, left their guns and went rushing to the assault. Seeing the Americans without the protection of their fieldpieces, the enemy again opened a heavy fire and forced them to retire to the shelter of the guns.

At this juncture Lieutenant Guest was ordered to make a flank movement with the "Plymouth's" men and reach the camp under cover of some mounds on the left, while the howitzers fired grape, from their position, on the course, which was still swept by the fire from the camps and embankment. Lieutenant Guest's party quickly reached the mounds, and their fire put the imperialists again to flight, but the ditch being found impassable, the camp could not be entered until reached by the English, who, having gallantly taken the position before them, fired the part which the Americans had deprived of its defenders.

Captain Kelly now moved his force to the north end of the course to hold in check any body which might advance from the Soo Chow camp and so cut off the return of the English, who were compelled to march the length of a little stream before they could regain the course. His arrival was in good time, for he at once descried the banners of a large party advancing to the path by which O'Callahan must retreat. The guns opened again, and with such effect that the enemy retreated without getting within musket range, and the conflict was over, although large shot from the war junks in the river now began to whir over the heads of the attacking party and plough up the ground at their feet.

One of the American gentlemen who comprised the volunteer force which served the guns, writes in regard to this occasion:

> "So far as so raw a recruit as myself could judge, the volunteers showed under fire the courage of old soldiers, but we all conceived an especial admiration for the gold-banded gentry, as we saw the indifference with which Captain Kelly and his officers walked about when the pattering upon the earth and the whistling in the air showed that nearly every square foot had its bullet."

Captain John Kelly was a capital seaman, but a quiet, peaceable, harmless appearing gentleman, and few meeting him in ordinary life would have suspected him of having been one of the leaders in so gallant and desperate an exploit as this, where less than four hundred men routed and destroyed the fortified camp of twenty thousand trained, hardened, and well-equipped soldiery.

PEIRCE CROSBY.

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THE PEASANTRY OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D. D., LL. D.

PROBABLY it was the "Cottar's Saturday Night" of Burns, reinforced perhaps by Sir Walter Scott's "Davie Deans," that gave definite form to that conception of the Scottish peasantry which for a long time has held possession of the general mind. It is doubtful, however, whether at any time such men were more to the general mass than stars of the first magnitude are to the other lights of the firmament. The sample was better than the stock. All that could be said for the mass of the people was that there were influences at work in their up-bringing that tended to produce an industrious, intelligent, thrifty, self-controlled, and godly people; on the whole, these influences were fairly efficient, while in select cases they culminated, and gave us the Christian heroes whose memory we delight to honor. It was the strong hand of religion that was the leading force, the fear of God, fed by Covenanting memories, gave a giant's strength to conscience; it absolutely annihilated the idea of self-indulgence in its common forms; it set plain men "to scorn delights and live laborious days"; and yet it did not leave them indifferent to the rewards of industry or careless of success in life.

Of course there were exceptions. Too often John Barleycorn relaxed the moral sinews, enfeebled the will, and left the character self-indulged, flabby, and good for little or nothing. But there was enough of the better spirit to put a stamp on the peasantry generally; to give a character of its own, for example, to the "Black Watch" and other crack regiments of the army, and to insure success for Scottish emigrants in colonies and foreign countries. "The Scot Abroad" was a sturdy customer, notwithstanding his weaknesses and prejudices, and bore the stamp of the national motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit.* In England the Scot had a kind of monopoly of gardening and other em-

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ployments that demand special skill and intelligence. There is a story of an Aberdonian, head-gardener to an English nobleman, who was once asked how it happened that his countrymen usually filled such situations. "Oh," he replied, "you English are good enough at ordinar' things; but for gardeners, and ministers, and a' kinds o' head-wark, it's *hiz* ye maun come to!"

How is it now? The nineteenth century has been a terrible revolutionist, and in some respects it has made "the olden time" very olden indeed. Has it revolutionized the Scottish peasant? Carlyle believed it had; his grand old father was, he thought, *ultimus Romanorum*, the last of a noble race. But Carlyle looked with prejudiced, not to say jaundiced, eyes. What misled him was that peasants of the James Carlyle and David Hope breed, though they shone as constellations or groups, shone only here and there; in their own neighborhood they may have left no successors; but it by no means followed that there were no such stars in other parts of the sky. "*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*," and there have been grand specimens of Scottish peasantry since the days of the Ecclefechan mason. Neil Livingstone, tea pedlar, the father of the great missionary explorer, was quite worthy to stand beside James Carlyle; and so was John Paton, of Torthorwald, Dumfriesshire, stocking weaver and afterwards colporteur, the father of Dr. John G. Paton, now famous as one of the most chivalrous and successful of modern missionaries. That little Torthorwald cottage, with its "but and ben" and closet between, lay very near the gate of heaven; the "but," the scene of the clatter and rattle of half a dozen noisy handlooms; the "ben," of the whole family life; and the mid-room, of daily communion with heaven, where the pathetic echoes of the old man's trembling voice would occasionally be heard pleading as if for life, but from which he would emerge "with the happy light of a new-born smile that seemed to be always dawning upon his face." The outlook from "A Window in Thrums" reveals men and women of similar type; simple but not stupid; inflexible in their sense of duty; their earnings often falling far below even "the living wage," and yet with a dignity of character arising from their interest in things unseen that poverty could not destroy. If Carlyle had taken a wider survey, he would have found stars of the first magnitude still shining in Scotland, if not in Ecclefechan.

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Not a few such instances could be produced, unknown to fame, illustrating a thirst for knowledge, a laborious diligence, a self-denying heroism, a moral and spiritual elevation hardly eclipsed in former days. Of all the old features, perhaps the thirst for knowledge retains its strength best. Where parents see a love and aptitude for learning in any of their sons, they are still as willing as of old to do their utmost to gratify it. We know the case of a minister of the gospel, who, besides being a devoted preacher and pastor, has done good literary work, and who came to study for the ministry under the following circumstances. His brother and he were converted at the same time, and both were seized with an intense desire to become preachers of the gospel. In Scotland, the necessary studies require at least seven years, and the parents, at the utmost, could help but one of the brothers. Each was willing to surrender his own wish and help the other, but the difficulty was to decide which was to be taken and which left. They agreed to refer the matter to their minister, but as he thought their gifts and graces equal he could not decide. At last it was resolved to decide the case by their ages, but it was to the younger that this gave the advantage, as both were beyond the customary age. The elder helped his brother, but remained in his own occupation, and both are now, in their way, serving their Master. Mr. Crockett, in his story entitled "The Stickit Minister," has worked out this line with some painful additions; the self-denying youth who gave up the ministry to help his brother to study medicine died of illness caused by his hard work and exposure, and did not even enjoy the gratification of finding his brother grateful for his noble sacrifices.

Cases are not uncommon of young workingmen struggling like David Livingstone to teach themselves the elements of Latin, and cherishing the hope that by careful saving of their wages they may be able to attend college and get a liberal education. The example of old John Brown of Haddington, the famous author of "The Self-Interpreting Bible," has still its followers. The son of a poor weaver, and compelled through poverty to engage himself as a shepherd, with miserable emoluments, he contrived to gain a fair acquaintance with Latin and Greek. Eager to possess a copy of the Greek Testament, he got a friend to take charge of his flock for a day, and at night set out on foot for St. Andrews, a distance of twenty-four miles, to make his pur-

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chase. In the bookseller's shop were some gentlemen, one of whom, amazed that such a boy should make such a purchase, said to him, "Boy, if you can read that book I'll give it to you for nothing." He acquitted himself to admiration, and returned like Jacob's son from Egypt, with his purchase and his money to the bargain. A case of a farm-boy who had taught himself the rudiments of Latin, and who, under the guidance of a neighboring clergyman, is preparing for a university, is known to the present writer, and doubtless there are many more such. But the way of advancement for such youths is now easier than it was, chiefly through the institution by private benevolence of what are called "Grammar School Bursaries," the object of which is to enable promising lads to gain by competition sums of money to help them in their studies; the fact that these are gained by competition taking away the semblance of charity and preserving their independence undamaged.

There have been several notable instances of late years of Scotchmen in the poorest conditions of life making their names illustrious by their contributions to natural science. Hugh Miller belongs to a past generation; but within the easy recollection of the present we have had Thomas Edward, Robert Dick, and John Duncan. Two of these, Mr. Edward and Mr. Dick, have had their biographies written by Mr. Samuel Smiles. Edward, who was the son of a private soldier, and himself a working shoemaker, through an irrepressible passion for natural history, collected many specimens and discovered new species which he classified, described, and exhibited. He was made a Fellow of the Linnæan Society and of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, and obtained from the Queen a pension of £50 a year. Dick, a self-taught geologist and botanist, was a baker in Thurso; and Duncan, whose achievements in science were commemorated in *Good Words* in the days of Norman Macleod, was, if we remember rightly, a weaver in an Aberdeenshire village. We fear that this worthy man was too like other prophets who get but scant honor in their own country; but on one occasion he bade fair to get more honor than he desired. Some idle lads having taunted him that, with all his science, he could not get fruit to grow on a solitary juniper bush, he told them to come back in autumn, and they would see. Meanwhile, understanding how to fertilize the juniper seeds, he brought from a distance the needed pollen, and

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when the lads came to see, lo and behold, an ample crop of berries! They thought he must be verily a warlock.

The practice of family worship is undoubtedly much less common than it once was, but it is by no means extinct even in the poorest class. And the deep earnestness of the olden time is also met with. It is the happiness of the present writer to be acquainted with not a few men in country districts, usually small farmers and mechanics, who have been called to the office of "elders" in their congregations, and who are held in profound respect for their moral integrity and high character, as well as for their consistent Christian profession. Neither has it been his lot to come in contact with many who were hypocrites. That there are such no one could deny; but they do not bear that proportion to the ranks of honest men that one would infer from what one reads in fiction. From novels one would suppose that a pronounced religious man was just as likely to be a hypocrite as not; this, I am convinced, is quite untrue.

But apart from particular instances it has been made abundantly evident, from the recent history of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, that the great body of the Scottish peasantry have not lost their interest in matters of religion. Fifty years ago, when the Free Church gave up the emoluments derived from the State, there were cases without number of both men and women risking and even losing their whole means of support, as the Covenanters did in former days, out of regard to conscientious conviction. It was when he heard of the ministers marching to Canonmills that Lord Jeffrey said he was proud of his country, and that in no other land would such a sacrifice have been made to principle; but throughout the whole country there might have been found common men and women of the like spirit, farmers who lost their farms, tradesmen their custom, servants their places, teachers their schools, governesses their situations, in the same cause; not to speak of the bitter scowl and furious scoldings to which they were exposed when the gentry chose to open fire upon them. The times are quieter now, but deep in many a heart sleeps the olden spirit, only needing to be roused to show itself capable of the same sacrifices as before.

Somehow the typical representative of the godly cottar has always been a man; but it needs hardly to be said that such men

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would have been much more rare but for their godly mothers before them. And many is the noble life of toil and struggle that such mothers have led. There comes across me the recollection of a poor woman known to me some years ago, the wife of a drunken husband and the mother of a large family, who used to struggle from early morn to past midnight in a crowded, stuffy apartment, adding to the employments of wife, mother, nurse, cook, and housemaid, that of the dressmaker for her neighbors in order to keep her family respectable. Never a murmur did I hear from her lips; on she went, serene, patient, ever-plodding, and not without hope; nor, I may add, without reward; for at the eleventh hour her husband was reclaimed, and some of her children turned out splendidly.

Some years ago a beautiful picture of a peasant mother was given to the world by her daughter, the author of a prize essay on the Sabbath, which was published under favorable auspices. "I owe all to my parents," she said, "but especially to my mother; her earnest and indefatigable exertions, in the face of difficulties which would have appalled any common mind from attempting such a task, together with her ceaseless watchfulness, secured for us such an amount of knowledge and formed in us such habits as raised us above the temptations that usually beset youth in the humble walks of life." The income of the family was small, and the number of the children was unusually large; and, moreover, their home was situated so far from church and school that they were unable to attend either. Here was a case where in ordinary circumstances the children must have grown up like heathens and savages. But through the tact and care of the parents it was quite otherwise. The mother used to take the children one after another four times a day, and give them a short lesson, even though she might be standing at the wash-tub. The lessons she would teach them were not an amusement, but a serious business that must not be trifled with. Moreover, she trained them to understand from their very infancy, that the great God of heaven had sent them to her and their father to be taken care of, loved, and taught; and that God would be highly displeased with her if she allowed them to be untruthful, disobedient, or quarrelsome. A prompt and cheerful submission to parental control was the first habit the parents sought to form; other good habits were added with comparative ease. Every

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one was trained to be useful. If the mother had to supply the place of schoolmaster, the father in like manner had to be pastor on Sundays. After family worship, he would give them a hymn or passage of scripture to learn, and in fine weather the summer-house or the clump of trees near their cottage would furnish the requisite place of study. During the afternoon the mother would read to them or they would read all round some suitable book. And books were very scarce. Once, a leaf from a hymn-book was found on the edge of the burn, and nothing could show better the scarcity of the printed page than the avidity with which it was seized and the hymn committed to memory.

Quite recently a shepherd's wife, whose path to the far-away church lay through a meadow along the banks of a quiet stream, remarked to her minister that, instead of finding the way long, she could have wished it longer, for she seemed to be walking along the twenty-third Psalm—"He leadeth me beside the still waters."

We have given samples of a class of peasantry still to be found in the country districts of Scotland, although it is not so common as before. For many things have contributed to change the people's habits, and to change them for the worse.

One of these things is the creation of large estates and large farms, and the diminution of the number of crofts and small holdings. In former days a great part of Scotland consisted of small properties, often farmed by their owners. Where the properties were larger, they were divided into small farms, the tenants of which constituted what may be called the "cotter" population. The trend of things for the last two centuries has been towards enlargement both of properties and farms. Large proprietors, eager to increase their territories, have been on the watch for small properties, and have generally acquired them whenever they came into the market, mortgaging them heavily for the price. Till quite recently the law allowed proprietors to make strict entail of their property to their own offspring from generation to generation, and this was commonly done, for it raised the status of a family when it owned a fine estate that could not be alienated. Now, however, there are legal facilities for breaking entails, and in consequence several large estates have been broken up.

Still, however, the property of the soil in Scotland is in very few hands, and some of our noblemen own enormous tracts. And

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with large properties there have come large farms. In some Highland districts the policy of evicting crofters and small farmers, and turning their land into huge sheep farms and deer forests, was carried out in many cases with the most ruthless severity. In other parts of the country the change has been effected more quietly, but with the result that in many districts small farms are not to be got; no man can be a farmer unless he has command of a large amount of capital.

These changes have been much against the peasantry. For a young man starting life as a laborer or farm servant, there is no outlet now in such districts, no way of improving his condition; he must be a laborer to the end, dependent on the farmer who employs him; and when through years he becomes unfit for hard labor, his prospect is truly dark; indeed he has no prospect at all. Young men in such circumstances prefer going into our towns in the hope that they may find more promising employment there: or perhaps they emigrate to the colonies or the United States. It is the universal lamentation that our rural population is decreasing, while the towns are growing; for the towns are neither so healthy nor so favorable to moral and spiritual character. A friend writes me that twenty-five years ago two of his relatives who began life as farm servants contrived, by extraordinary economy, to save £600, through which they were enabled to rent first one farm, then another, of 130 acres. These were rare cases even twenty-five years ago, the difficulties being overcome only through the extraordinary energy of the young men, and to-day the difficulties would be still greater; but in days of old the transition from laborer to small farmer was comparatively easy, and while the prospect gave an impulse to the laborer it satisfied him when it became a reality; and the same prospect lay before his sons.

I am afraid that it cannot be said that the same thrifty habits prevail now among our peasantry that were so marked in former times. Scotland was miserably poor a hundred and fifty years ago; although with the exception of outlying Highland districts, it now presents little difference from England. In those days unless people were thrifty they could not live. With the growth of wealth the ideas of the common people have become higher, and I fear thrift has become rarer. The present writer was much surprised, on occasion of a recent visit to a part of Aberdeenshire

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with which he had been connected long ago, to observe a great change in the social life of the people. They were better housed, better clothed, and better fed. In many cases—cases of farmers renting perhaps a hundred acres—instead of the wretched "but and ben," with the clay floor and the box-bed, there were nice cottages of several apartments, curtained and carpeted, with photographs and other works of art on the walls and a piano in the parlor. For myself I rejoice in such improvements, nor do I think that their effect is necessarily hurtful to character. On the contrary, I believe with Dr. Chalmers that the desire for a better style of life is a wholesome stimulus to the poor, and that it is favorable rather than otherwise to the improvement of the character. Still those who are much among the poor believe that thrift is not now practised as it might be, and from this obvious evils ensue. Where wastefulness gets a footing there is a temptation to the mother to go out to work in order to increase the earnings, leaving the family to the care of some small girl who can be hired for a trifle. There is also a temptation to send the children out to earn their living by anything that offers, instead of apprenticing them to a trade and thus providing for the future. Drunkenness, too, has played terrible havoc in too many cases with our working people, and though the country population are comparatively free from that vice, yet those who go to settle in towns are terribly exposed to its insidious advance, and when they fall under its influence, become as bad as any.

We cannot enlarge on other influences that have tended to modify the character of our peasantry. Our railways and telegraphs, unifying our little country, and obliterating local and provincial landmarks; our cheap press, flooding us day by day with all kinds of news, and telling us how we should think and act and feel in reference to everything; the rapid spread of fashions in dress, superseding the "mutches" and "mittens" of former days, and making the dress and appearance of all degrees much more alike; the political privileges conferred on the whole people, compelling them to think and act on matters common to them and those of higher station; the enlarged scope of education in the Board schools, opening up new avenues of knowledge and quickening dormant faculties—have all had a sensible influence on the Scottish peasantry. The unsophisticated simplicity of former days has given place to a more wide-

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awake outlook—to more regard for interests and rights that were little thought of in days of yore. This, too, cannot be complained of; and if only deep principle lie at the bottom of the character, it cannot do harm. But it makes the situation more risky, and probably increases the number that fail in the battle of life.

In social matters, the great battle of the future in Scotland must be connected with the land. Smaller properties, smaller farms and more numerous allotments to laborers are everywhere needed. Happily a feeling is alive in all classes that something ought to be done to check the exodus from the country districts and make rural life more attractive to the young. Whether the parish councils that will soon be in operation will effect much in this direction remains to be seen. The sentiments of the present Prime Minister (Lord Rosebery), recently expressed in reply to an address from the London County Council, and the views he cherishes in reference to the relations of the several classes of society to each other, entitle him to very cordial thanks at the hands of all friends of the people, and if carried out would have a wonderful effect in checking revolutionary tendencies and promoting the stability and prosperity of the country.

W. Garden Blaikie.

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CONCERNING ACTING.

BY RICHARD MANSFIELD.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN once attended a performance of Shakespeare's *Tempest* as presented by an actor of great reputation. He stated afterward that in spite of the magnificence of the production, which he described at great length, he would prefer seeing the play in a barn, provided the actors engaged spoke their words clearly, and with sense and feeling. I am quite of Mr. Andersen's opinion. The extravagance of the stage to-day is alarming. It is not only alarming: it is the ruin of the pure drama. There seems to be a perversion of the advice concerning the mirror and nature entirely in favor of inanimate objects, and we are called upon to admire the ingenuity of the master carpenter and the fidelity of the scene painter, to the almost entire extinction of the art, *pur et simple*, of the actor. What is the art of the actor? It is the expression in voice, in word, in face, and in form of the emotion born of the situation devised by the author. The voice must be the voice of the peculiar individual portrayed by the actor, attuned to the emotion, it must be either harsh or gentle, winsome or repellent, powerful or feeble, but it must never betray the limit of the organ. The words, no matter what the voice may be, must be comprehensible. That is the first duty the actor owes the author, at least. The eye, the mouth, the figure, must be in harmony.

An actor, in portraying various characters diametrically opposite, has no right to offer his own personality in each. That is not the art of acting. The business sense of a man who has learned that the more the public is familiarized with the individuality of an actor the greater his popularity, is a poor excuse for bad acting.

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The true student will merge himself in the character he presents, and he will present each creature as he conceives him, or as the author has painted him. A man who cannot so envelop himself in the robe of the part, who cannot be this man to-day and that man to-morrow, no matter how smart a fellow he may be, cannot be considered an actor.

There are numberless professions open to clever people without voices and without other necessary requirements for the stage. They may be statesmen, and some actors of reputation seem to enjoy an ability in that direction far beyond any qualification for our art; they may be priests and parsons; they may be barristers and lawyers—in all these parts they need never rob the public of a view of their own estimable personality; upon the stage they must. It is absurd for Fagin to be Romeo, and Romeo, Benedict—you may label them, but there is no deception, and the art of the actor is deception.

Time was when an actor declaimed the lines of Shakespeare, and that was enough. It isn't enough to-day. The world does not stand still, nor does the art of acting. Declaiming is not acting; the actor must pretend to be what he is not; he must be what he pretends to be. There is a royal road to success—it is humbug. There is no royal road to success on legitimate lines:—it means endless labor, heart-ache, sorrow, and disappointment. If you desire to be an actor, you must choose the latter—you will be welcome. The actor, lives for his art; the world may see the pictures he paints, the lessons he inculcates; he breathes life into them for a moment; they fade away and die; he leaves nothing behind him but a memory. The actor has no connection with scenery and mechanism, he does not perceive them—he should not know that they surround him; the picture of the place, be it what it may, is the creation of his fancy, and what he sees there he contrives to communicate to his audience. He can, if he will, bring with him the salt air of the sea, the perfumed atmosphere of the boudoir, the flower-scented zephyr of the grove, or the dank breath of the cloister. His day is study, his evening the result. He should have no opinions to buy, no critics to placate, no axes to grind or wires to pull. You can buy opinions one way or another, you can win hosts of friends, you can grind axes and pull wires, and achieve wealth and fame, but you will not achieve art! And the crowd of sycophants and cour-

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tiers cannot still the voice within that tells you every hour, "You're a lie!"

Do not be led away by men who tell you to be original—in other words, to be odd and eccentric and to attract attention to yourself by these means. Do not strive to be original; strive to be true! If you succeed in being true, you will be original. If you go forth to seek originality, you will never find truth. If you go out to seek truth, you may discover originality. Do not be dazzled by the success of chicanery or charlatanism. You will not find it satisfying, for, however much you may impress others, you will never believe in yourself, unless you are insane. The mediocre actor generally enjoys popularity, he offends no one and arouses no jealousies—and mediocrity is easy of comprehension. The merchant will tell you that the rarest products are unsalable.

The actor who plays to the groundlings, who has a good word for every one, who has never racked his nerves or tortured his soul, who has not earned his bread and salt with "*Kummer und Noth*," who has not realized the utter impossibility of ever accomplishing his ideal, who is not striving and searching for the better in art, who is content to amass wealth by playing one part only; the actor, in short, who is not unsatisfied, is a poor fool of an actor.

It is impossible for an actor to attempt an arduous rôle and having done his full duty to be as unruffled and calm and benign as a May morning.

The very centre of his soul has been shaken; he has projected himself by force of will into another being, another sphere,—he has been living, acting, thinking another man's life, and you cannot expect to find him calm and smiling and tolerant of small troubles, dumped back on a dung heap after a flight to the moon.

If, when the curtain has fallen, you meet this clever calculating and diplomatic personage, know that you are not in the presence of an actor. He is, no doubt, a thousand times more pleasant to encounter, more charming in society, *gratissimus* to the fatigued, harassed, often humiliated and misunderstood newspaper hack,—but he is not an actor.

The actor is *sui generis*, and in the theatre not to be judged by the ordinary rules applied to ordinary men. The actor is an extraordinary man, who every evening spends three hours or more in fairyland and transforms himself into all kinds

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of odd creatures for the benefit of his fellow men; when he returns from fairyland, where he has been a king or a beggar, a criminal doomed to death, a lover in despair, or a haunted man, do you fancy the aspect of the world and its peoples is not tinged with some clinging color of his living dream ?

It is an open question whether the true actor should be seen in society (Edmund Kean held that he should not), or whether he should remain a mystery to his fellow men. The writer is of the opinion that there is no reason why an actor off the stage should not behave like an ordinary mortal and enjoy as much as he may the pleasures of life. But the writer is also of the opinion that there is no necessity for an actor to bear about him the pungent odor of the *coulisses*. There is no claim on him to deport himself in any other wise than an honest man when he walks abroad. He can refrain from calling attention to himself by means which would be ridiculed if employed by other men. He need not wear his hair long, or gaze fixedly into vacancy, or pretend to be lost in poetic thought, or stride or pose, or wear odd garments. He may, in short, behave like a man, unless he has made up his mind to demean himself into a perambulating advertisement.

The actor's art will be more widely honored by thinking men when they discover in the actor the unostentatious manners of a simple gentleman. Men will not blame the actor for eccentricities or idiosyncrasies which he may have inherited, or for which nature or ill health is responsible; they will accept them as they accept them in other friends, but they will be swift to perceive their assumption for a purpose.

Aside from the personal opinion of individuals the public has no concern whatever in the private life of the actor ; it belongs to him as much as it belongs to the lawyer, the painter, the writer, or the architect, or to any other free-born citizen.

The stage is the actor's studio and gallery of exhibition ; away from it his deeds are of no moment, and many actors would be less known and others more popular if the world judged the actor only by his work.

Society, as a whole, cares very little for art. True art without the humbug is as little tolerated in society as a nude figure.

Concerning the condition of the Drama in Europe, the writer recently discovered in a French MS. by an unknown writer

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the following fairy tale and he has taken some pains to translate it. The MS. is evidently not complete, for it breaks off abruptly, but none the less it may chance to interest :

L'ENFANT DRAME DE LA RECLÂME.

"About thirty or forty years prior to the conclusion of the 19th Century a child was born in London, in England, to a certain Monsieur de la Reclâme. This gentleman had married a young lady in his own station of life, a Demoiselle Regardez-moi. The infant had a number of godparents. They were indeed so numerous it is impossible to name them all. The most popular was a Japanese idol, a hideous and grotesque personage, but an extraordinary favorite in the salons of the wealthy ; M. Impressioniste, who was received and admired everywhere for the reason that nobody understood what he talked about ; Messieurs Jaundice and Longhair, who were always arm in arm, and many others. There were also godmothers : Madame Mère-Romaine, a stout lady who had lived at the French Court and who wore a garment which resembled a sack. She had four daughters. The eldest, Miss Chin, was a middle-aged, angular person who arranged her faded yellow hair in a tuft over a low forehead and whose chin seemed to say forever to the rest of the body, 'Come along, follow me.'

"The second sister was named 'Grasp.' She was a faded flower, and the process of several divorce suits had slightly tarnished the lustre of her early beauty. This young person had an engaging manner of throwing out her hands as if to snatch something, and she rarely frequented any house where draperies which she might clutch were not hung in profusion, The other two girls were twins and were called Cling and Flop, and all four sisters were generally followed by long-haired and pale-faced youths who spoke like women and wore corsets.

"The infant had other sponsors, and I must not forget a renowned virtuoso who could whisper to a piano, sit upon it, tickle it, beat it, dust it with his hair, and all the while extract from it the most heart-rending melodies.

"Not many moons after the birth of the child, Monsieur and Madame de la Reclâme were receiving their friends in their suburban villa. It was Saturday evening. Monsieur de la Reclâme had published, to his entire satisfaction, a weekly

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journal called 'Paul Pry,' of which he was the proprietor and editor, and he was now enjoying, in the bosom of his family and of his numerous contributors, the full delights of an easy conscience and of lawful crime. Long lines of carriages stretched like the serpents of Laocoon from his door, for although no one acknowledged the acquaintance of Monsieur de la Reclâme, nobody dared to refuse his invitation, and as Madame de la Reclâme's drawing-rooms were shrouded in Cimmerian darkness, it was easy to be present without detection. The guests having departed and the servants having withdrawn, the lights were turned up, and Monsieur de la Reclâme produced from a cupboard a flacon of rare liquor which had been presented to him by a young orphan girl, concerning whom he had generously suppressed a very valuable paragraph. The clock in the church near by, in which Monsieur and Madame de la Reclâme owned a pew, had just chimed twelve, when these estimable people were disturbed by a violent noise in an adjacent pantry. Both the lady and gentleman sprang in alarm to their feet. A voice at Monsieur de la Reclâme's elbow said quietly:

"'Do not disturb yourself and do not be afraid,' and the worthy couple beheld a gentleman, who had a red face and a bald head and who was in full evening dress.

"'Sir!' exclaimed Monsieur de la Reclâme, 'this intrusion! I must beg you——'

"'Pardon me,' said the stranger, 'for my somewhat unceremonious entrance. I am a Genie of whom you have no doubt heard. My name is Venale—and I always come in through the pantry.

"'I am here,' continued the Genie, pouring himself out fully a tumbler from the flacon before Monsieur de la Reclâme and imbibing the liquor with a gentle sigh, 'I am here to speak to you about your boy, whom I destine for the highest honors, providing you agree to my terms.'

"'Sir,' replied Monsieur de la Reclâme, 'I am highly sensible of the honor you do me, but I have already decided upon a profession for my son, that of a wealthy man.'

"'Pardon me,' said the Genie somewhat coldly, 'you are probably unaware that you owe all your good fortune to me, and that by the simple process of turning my back upon you, you would be utterly ruined; however, I will overlook your impertinence this

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time, as I am excessively fond of you, but you must give me a decisive reply at once, because I have a supper engagement with a prominent public man.'

"Monsieur de la Reclâme being now thoroughly frightened, assured the Genie that he would consent to anything the Genie proposed.

"'Very well, then,' said the Spirit. 'I shall claim the right to christen your son, and I shall bestow upon him the ancient name of 'Drame,' and since you have been so hospitable and obliging, I shall obtain from my intimate friend the Prime Minister the title of Baron, and your son will, therefore, rejoice your heart as Baron Drame de la Reclâme.'"

"Both the overjoyed parents were about to give full expression to their gratitude when, by a slight movement of his hand, the Genie pocketed Monsieur de la Reclâme's gold repeater which had been lying on the table at the publisher's elbow.

"'I never accept words,' said the Genie haughtily. 'From this day forth I shall watch over your son. I shall guide every step of his life. I shall be wherever he is. I shall rule his destiny. Above all I shall make him renowned. Baron Drame de la Reclâme will surpass, will supersede, all who have ever borne the name.'"

The last words, spoken with great majesty, were accompanied by an action which embraced two solid silver candelabra and the Genie disappeared.

Here the MS. has been torn, mutilated, and is no longer legible.

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF AËRIAL NAVIGATION.

BY HIRAM S. MAXIM.

In 1890 I tried a series of experiments with a view of ascertaining how much power was required to perform artificial flight. An account of these experiments written by myself, and entitled "Aërial Navigation—The Power Required," appeared in the *Century* Magazine of October, 1891. The apparatus used in these experiments was constructed with great care and was provided with all sorts of delicate instruments which enabled me to ascertain definitely the exact power required for performing artificial flight on the aëroplane system driven by screw propellers.

As is well known, when one flies a kite the cord holds the kite against the wind. The wind passing on the under side of the kite strikes it at an angle and raises the kite into the air. If the wind be blowing at a high velocity—say 35 miles an hour—the kite will lift from one pound to five pounds per square foot, according to the angle at which it is held in the air. If the angle be slight, the amount of strain on the cord necessary to hold it against the wind will be found considerably less than the weight of the kite and the load which it is able to lift, particularly so if the cord pulls in a horizontal direction instead of at an angle. It is also well known that if a kite be propelled in a calm through the air, say at the rate of 35 miles an hour, the effect is exactly the same. Suppose now, instead of the cord for holding the kite against the wind or for propelling it against still air, that a screw propeller should be attached to the kite and that it should be driven by some motor. If the screw propeller could be made to give a push equal to the pull of the kite, and if the machinery for driving it should be no greater than the weight that the kite would be able to carry, we should have a veritable flying machine.

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In my first experiments to ascertain the power required, the aëroplanes employed were formed of thin pieces of wood, the under side being slightly concave and the top side slightly convex. These aëroplanes I was able to propel round a circle 200 feet in circumference at a speed say from 20 to 90 miles an hour, and with the planes at any desired angles. When the inclination was 1 in 14 it was found that a thrust of 5 pounds on the screw would lift 14 times 5 pounds, or 70 pounds, on the plane. It was also found in these experiments with a plane set at an angle of 1 in 14, that as much as 133 pounds could be carried with the expenditure of 1 horse power. These experiments, which were very full and complete, and which embraced many different kinds of screw propellers and aëroplanes, demonstrated that a two-bladed wooden propeller with a pitch slightly greater than the diameter, was the most advantageous, the propelling power being very great and the loss by slip comparatively small. Narrow aëroplanes slightly concave on the under side, set at a slight angle and driven at a high speed, were found to be the most efficient, and any distortion or bagging of the aëroplane increased enormously the power required.

Having ascertained experimentally the power required, I at once commenced experiments with a view of developing the necessary motive power. Everything considered, I believed that steam power would be more efficient for the weight than any other source of energy. First I made two pairs of compound engines, the high-pressure cylinders being 5 inches in diameter, the low-pressure cylinders 8 inches in diameter, and all having a stroke of 12 inches. In order to make the engines as light as possible, the cylinders were made about $\frac{3}{32}$ inch thick, of a high grade of fluid compressed steel. The valve chambers and passageways were made of seamless steel tubes, the whole being neatly riveted together and brazed with silver-solder.

The crank shaft was of comparatively large diameter, but hollow, and of highly tempered steel. All the piston and valve rods, and also the framework of the engine, were constructed of hard and thin tubular steel. When the engines were finished they were found to weigh 300 lbs. the pair, or 600 lbs. in all. The high-pressure cylinder was made with a considerable amount of clearance, so as to avoid danger if water should go over with the steam, and the piston valves were made to cut off at $\frac{3}{4}$ stroke,

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while steam was cut off in the low-pressure cylinder at $\frac{5}{8}$ stroke. Believing that on some occasions I might require to put on a tremendous spurt, I placed a kind of an injector valve between the high-pressure steam directly from the boiler and the exhaust from the high-pressure cylinder. This injector was provided with a spring valve regulated in such a manner that in case the boiler pressure should rise above 300 pounds to the square inch, instead of blowing off steam at the safety-valve, the steam would open a passage directly into the low-pressure cylinder, and, as the passageway was annular and arranged to be more or less large in proportion to the steam passing, the steam in falling from a high to a comparatively low pressure was made to do a certain amount of work on the exhaust steam, thus increasing the pressure in the low-pressure cylinder without greatly increasing the back pressure in the high-pressure cylinder. This is a new feature, which, I think, has never been used on a compound engine before.

The first steam generator was constructed of a very large number of small and thin tubes. It was constructed so as to admit water at one end of the series and to draw steam from the other end, and to so regulate the fire as to convert about 90 per cent. of the passing water into steam. This boiler was of great lightness, not weighing without its casing more than 300 pounds, and was heated by 50 square feet of flame; but it was found impossible to so regulate the fire and the water supply as to have comparatively dry steam without destroying some of the tubes. If twice as much water as is evaporated was pumped through the boiler, it stood the heat fairly well; but upon any attempt being made to reduce the quantity of water, some of the small tubes, which were of copper, would invariably burst. This boiler was, however, remarkable because steam could be raised in about ten seconds, and on some occasions an ample supply of steam was made to run the engines up to 300 horse power.

The first boiler having failed, I at once determined to make a boiler on a new plan, but before doing so I tried a series of experiments so as to be sure of my ground in my second attempt. I obtained a quantity of copper tubes $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch diameter, $\frac{1}{50}$ of an inch thick, and 8 feet long. Four of these were connected together and provided with a forced circulation; they were then placed in a white-hot furnace and made to evaporate at the rate of $26\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of water per square foot per hour at a pressure of 400

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pounds to the square inch. Having stood this test, a single tube was placed in a white-hot furnace similarly connected, with a view of finding the bursting pressure under steam. It exploded 1,650 pounds to the square foot. Some hundreds of tubes were then tested with one ton per square inch pressure of cold kerosene oil, and as none of them showed any signs of leaking, the new boiler was constructed of these tubes. The general form was somewhat similar to the water-tube boilers employed on torpedo boats in France and England, except that the tubes were relatively much longer for their diameter and had twice as many bends in them, and to insure circulation a down-take for the water outside of the firebox was provided. The feed-water in coming from the pump passed through a very elaborate network of fine copper tubes immediately over the boiler and at a pressure 30 pounds greater than the boiler pressure. A spring valve nozzle was interposed between the feed-water heater and the down-take for the water in such a manner that the escaping force of the water operated powerfully on the surrounding water in the down-take, and thus secured a very rapid circulation through the long and slender tubes which formed the main heating surface of the boiler. This new boiler has proved itself to be very efficient indeed; the network of very fine tubes which forms the feed-water heater greatly reduces the temperature of the escaping products of combustion, so that the heating of the top of the casing of the boiler is never great enough to burn paint off the smokestack. The new boiler was first tested to 410 pounds cold water pressure, and then to 325 pounds steam pressure. Having completed the new boiler it was placed in position, and experiments commenced with petroleum burners. The new boiler had a very much reduced firebox. Whereas the first experimental boiler had what might be called 40 square feet of grate surface, the new boiler had only 28 square feet. In ordinary boilers heated by petroleum the furnace is supplied with one or two very powerful jets, burning against brickwork or fireclay. This, of course, would be quite out of the question with a flying-machine boiler. Moreover, with such a light boiler it was not advisable to have a very intense flame; what was necessary, of course, was a very large and even flame, so as to heat all tubes equally. The first burners experimented with worked all right for about 100 horse power; but whenever any attempt was made to increase the flame,

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great unevenness in the flame occurred, some parts of the firebox being filled with flame, while other parts had no flame at all. After much experimenting I finally decided to use naphtha, 72 degrees Beaumé.

The naphtha was pumped into a small and exceedingly light vertical boiler, where it was heated with a flame generated from part of its own contents arranged in such a manner that whenever the pressure of the gas or the vapors of petroleum exceeded 50 pounds to the square inch the flame was automatically shut off, while if the pressure fell slightly below this the flame was turned on so that, no matter how much gas or vapor was drawn from the boiler, the pressure remained constant. This small boiler was suspended by springs in such a manner that whenever the weight of the contents exceeded 40 pounds, it moved the boiler slightly downwards, which operated upon an escapement on the pumping mechanism in such a manner that when the weight was greater than 40 pounds the stroke of the pump was diminished; while if the weight was less than 40 pounds the stroke was increased. This apparatus was found to work admirably ; and no matter how much or how little gas was drawn from the generator, the weight of liquid and pressure of gas always remained constant. The vapor was led from the generator through a pipe in the furnace, where it became superheated, and then was blown through a species of an injector into the furnace, sucking a large quantity of air through a suitable opening, which could be regulated so as to make the gas of any desired density.

Many burners were experimented with, the first one having as many as 14,000 jets ; the one finally adopted had 7,650 burners, and was so arranged that any amount of gas might be consumed without any unevenness, smoking, or blowing. Having perfected my boiler, my gas generator, and my pumping apparatus, so that all worked smoothly and automatically, I attached a pair of very large and carefully made linen-covered wooden screws to the screw shafts. These screws were 17 feet 10 inches in diameter, and had a slightly increasing pitch, the mean pitch being rather more than 16 feet. It will be understood that the boiler was placed upon a platform about 8 feet wide and 40 feet long ; that the engines and screws were held by strong tubular brackets above the rear end of this platform, and that the whole

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was mounted on four steel wheels ; that there were springs interposed between the axletrees of these wheels and the platform ; and also that there were vertical tubes and wires attached to the platform which held the large aëroplane, which is about thirty feet by fifty feet, in position.

At the same time that the experiments were going on with the burners and boilers, a railway track 1,800 feet long was being laid, and the framework of the machine was being brought to a state of completion. Upon moving the machine on to the track, tying it up and attaching it to a dynamometer, I filled the boiler with water, got up steam with a slow fire in about three minutes and started my engines, when everything was found to run very smoothly indeed.

With 200 pounds pressure to the square inch, the thrust of the screws was about 1,400 pounds, but by running the pressure up to 325 pounds to the square inch, the thrust of the screws went up in the first instance to 1,160 pounds, and finally in a later trial to 1,260 pounds. These experiments should have been tried on a railway track of considerable length, but as I was only able to get a clear track of 1,800 feet, it was found necessary to provide suitable mechanism in order to bring the machine to a state of rest without injury. The best apparatus for this purpose was found to be a series of very strong ropes stretched across the track, each end of the rope being attached to a capstan, and each capstan being provided with a strong plank which acted as a fan. This apparatus stopped the machine without the least shock.

The first experiments were tried without any cloth on the framework and it was found that when the machine was liberated it started off very quickly, in fact so quickly that it nearly threw down any one who was standing upon it.

After having tried several experiments with the naked framework, the main aëroplane was put in position and a few runs made, but the bagging and distortion of the cloth was such that it required the full power of the engines with a screw-thrust of 2,000 pounds to drive the machine at the rate of 25 miles an hour, and the lift did not exceed the thrust of the screws. This aëroplane was then removed and a new one substituted. The second aëroplane was made of two thicknesses of cloth completely inclosing the framework and arranged in such a manner that a

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portion of the air could pass through the lower side and produce a slight pressure of air between the two thicknesses. The top side would therefore bag upwards and take the lift, while the bottom side having practically the same pressure on both sides would remain perfectly straight and would not be distorted in the least by running.

The first experiments with this new aëroplane were tried with a screw-thrust of about eight hundred pounds, and the lifting power was actually more than with the old aëroplane with two thousand pounds thrust. Upon increasing the screw-thrust to one thousand two hundred pounds, the lift of the aëroplane was greatly increased, so that the front wheels barely touched the track. I saw that it would not do to run at a greater speed, so I put on some very heavy wheels, weighing six hundred pounds each, which I believed would keep the machine on the track, even if I ran the engines at full speed. I then greatly increased the thrust of the screw, and, finally, ran over the track with a screw thrust of about fifteen hundred pounds; but, unfortunately, I met a slight gust of wind coming from an opposite direction, which lifted the front end of the machine, wheels and all, completely off the track.

This accident, although it did not injure the machinery in the least, showed the weak points in the platform and framework of the machine, and I determined to rebuild it completely and to discard the heavy wheels. While the machine was being rebuilt I put up on each side of the railway track and about 10 feet from the rails a second track (inverted) of heavy wooden joists, and provided the new machine with four additional wheels placed at such a height that when the machine was raised one inch clear from the lower railway track, these new wheels on outriggers would engage the lower side of the joists and thus keep the machine from going off the track. This arrangement has been found to work exceedingly well. It is certainly a great improvement on the old heavy wheels, which not only made the starting and stopping of the machine more difficult, but also failed in keeping it on the track. The upper rail enabled me to make a large number of runs and to note carefully with suitable instruments exactly how much the machine lifted at various speeds. Having finished a series of experiments and ascertained the lift of the main aëroplane with a great degree of nicety, I placed the fore and aft rud-

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ders, which were intended to steer the machine in a vertical direction, in position, and made several runs with these rudders at different angles. They were found to work exceedingly well, and I was able to depress or elevate either end at will. The machine had been provided with ten auxiliary aëroplanes, which consisted of balloon cloth stretched very tightly on frames, and which could be placed one above the other (superposed) on each side of the machine if required. Of these ten aëroplanes only four were actually used, the lower ones which extend on either side of the machine 30 feet, and the upper ones which extend 27 feet each side of the main aëroplane and which bring up the total width of the machine to 104 feet. These long and comparatively narrow planes were found, as expected, to be more efficient foot for foot than the main aëroplane.

The first trials with these planes in position were made on the 31st of July last on a perfectly calm day, and three runs were made, the first with 150 pounds pressure of steam per square inch. The speed was 26 miles an hour and the maximum lift 2,750 pounds. The second run was made with 240 pounds of steam. The speed recorder on this occasion failed to work, but it is probable that the speed was 35 miles an hour. The maximum lift was 4,700 pounds. Then everything was made ready for a final test with practically the full power of the engines. Careful observers were stationed on each side of the track, and I took two men with me on the machine, the duty of one being to observe the pressure gauges, and that of the other to observe and note the action of the wheels on the upper track. The machine was tied up to a dynamometer, the engines started at a boiler pressure of 310 pounds and with a screw-thrust of a little more than 2,100 pounds. Upon liberating the machine it darted forward with great rapidity while the screws rotated at a terrific rate. I turned on slightly more gas and the pressure almost instantly rose to 320 pounds to the square inch and blew off at the safety-valve at that pressure. After running a few hundred feet, the machine was completely lifted off the lower rails, and all four of the upper wheels were engaged on the upper or safety rail. After running a few hundred feet in this position, the speed of the machine greatly increased and the lift became so great that the rear axletrees holding the machine down were doubled up and the wheels

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broken off. The machine then became liberated, the front end being held down only on one side. This swayed the machine to one side, brought it violently against the upper rails, and stopped it in the air, the lift breaking the rails and moving them outward about ten feet. Steam was, however, shut off before the machine stopped. The machine then fell to the earth, imbedding the wheels in the turf, showing that it had been stopped in the air, had come directly down, and had not moved after it touched the ground. Had this last experiment been made with a view to free flight, and had the upper rail been removed or the wheels taken off, the machine would certainly have mounted in the air and have travelled a long distance, if necessary. As it was, the lift certainly exceeded the full weight of the machine, the water, the fuel, and the men by 2,000 pounds, and was far beyond the registering limit of the dynagraphs, the pencil being drawn completely across the paper on the recording cylinders.

These experiments at Baldwyn's Park are the first that have ever been attempted with a machine running in a straight line. The prime object of these experiments has been to demonstrate whether it is possible or not for a large machine to be constructed sufficiently light, powerful, and efficient to actually lift into the air its own weight and the weight of one or more men. All other flying machines which have ever been built in the world have persistently stuck to the earth, and this is the first occasion in which a machine has ever been made to raise itself clear of the earth. It has been admitted by all scientists that as soon as a machine could be made with motors powerful enough to actually lift it in the air, aërial navigation would become practical. I have demonstrated that a good and reliable motor can be made with sufficient power for its weight to drive a flying machine, that a very heavy flying machine may be made to raise itself in the air with water, fuel, and three men on board; and that it may lift, in addition to all this, 2,000 pounds. It now only remains to continue the experiments with a view of learning the art of manœuvring the machine; and for this purpose it will be necessary for me to seek some large, open, and level plain, and to commence by making flights so near to the ground that any mistake in the steering cannot result in a serious mishap.

HIRAM S. MAXIM.

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IN DEFENCE OF HARRIET SHELLEY.

BY MARK TWAIN.

III.

IT is 1814, it is the 16th of March, Shelley has written his letter, he has been in the Boinville paradise a month, his deserted wife is in her husbandless home. Mischief had been wrought. It is the biographer who concedes this. We greatly need some light on Harriet's side of the case, now; we need to know how she enjoyed the month; but there is no way to inform ourselves; there seems to be a strange absence of documents and letters and diaries on that side. Shelley kept a diary, the approaching Mary Godwin kept a diary, her father kept one, her half-sister by marriage, adoption, and the dispensation of God kept one, and the entire tribe and all its friends wrote and received letters, and the letters were kept and are producible when this biography needs them; but there are only three or four scraps of Harriet's writing, and no diary. Harriet wrote plenty of letters to her husband—nobody knows where they are, I suppose; she wrote plenty of letters to other people—apparently they have disappeared, too. Peacock says she wrote good letters, but apparently interested people had sagacity enough to mislay them in time. After all her industry she went down into her grave and lies silent there—silent, when she has so much need to speak. We can only wonder at this mystery, not account for it.

No, there is no way of finding out what Harriet's state of feeling was during the month that Shelley was disporting himself in the Bracknell paradise. We have to fall back upon conjecture, as our fabulist does when he has nothing more substantial to work with. Then we easily conjecture that as the days dragged by Harriet's heart grew heavier and heavier under its two burdens—

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shame and resentment: the shame of being pointed at and gossiped about as a deserted wife, and resentment against the woman who had beguiled her husband from her and now kept him in a disreputable captivity. Deserted wives—deserted whether for cause or without cause—find small charity among the virtuous and the discreet. We conjecture that one after another the neighbors ceased to call; that one after another they got to being "engaged" when Harriet called; that finally they one after the other cut her dead on the street; that after that she stayed in the house daytimes, and brooded over her sorrows, and night-times did the same, there being nothing else to do with the heavy hours and the silence and solitude and the dreary intervals which sleep should have charitably bridged, but didn't.

Yes, mischief had been wrought. The biographer arrives at this conclusion, and it is a most just one. Then, just as you begin to half hope he is going to discover the cause of it and launch hot bolts of wrath at the guilty manufacturers of it, you have to turn away disappointed. You are disappointed, and you sigh. This is what he says—the italics are mine:

"However the mischief may have been wrought—*and at this day no one can wish to heap blame on any buried head*—"

So it is poor Harriet, after all. Stern justice must take its course—justice tempered with delicacy, justice tempered with compassion, justice that pities a forlorn dead girl and refuses to strike her. Except in the back. Will not be ignoble and *say* the harsh thing, but only insinuate it. Stern justice knows about the carriage and the wet-nurse and the bonnet-shop and the other dark things that caused this sad mischief, and may not, *must* not blink them; so it delivers judgment where judgment belongs, but softens the blow by not seeming to deliver judgment at all. To resume—the italics are mine:

"However the mischief may have been wrought—and at this day no one can wish to heap blame on any buried head—*it is certain that some cause or causes of deep division between Shelley and his wife were in operation during the early part of the year* 1814."

This shows penetration. No deduction could be more accurate than this. There were indeed some causes of deep division. But next comes another disappointing sentence:

"To guess at the precise nature of these causes, in the absence of definite statement, were useless."

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Why, he has already been guessing at them for several pages, and we have been trying to outguess him, and now all of a sudden he is tired of it and won't play any more. It is not quite fair to us. However, he will get over this by and bye, when Shelley commits his next indiscretion and has to be guessed out of it at Harriet's expense.

"We may rest content with Shelley's own words"—in a Chancery paper drawn up by him three years later. They were these: "Delicacy forbids me to say more than that we were disunited by incurable dissensions."

As for me, I do not quite see why we should rest content with anything of the sort. It is not a very definite statement. It does not necessarily mean anything more than that he did not wish to go into the tedious details of those family quarrels. Delicacy could quite properly excuse him from saying, "I was in love with Cornelia all that time; my wife kept crying and worrying about it and upbraiding me and begging me to cut myself free from a connection which was wronging her and disgracing us both; and I being stung by these reproaches retorted with fierce and bitter speeches—for it is my nature to do that when I am stirred, especially if the target of them is a person whom I had greatly loved and respected before, as witness my various attitudes toward Miss Hitchener, the Gisbornes, Harriet's sister, and others—and finally I did not improve this state of things when I deserted my wife and spent a whole month with the woman who had infatuated me."

No, he could not go into those details, and we excuse him; but, nevertheless, we do not rest content with this bland proposition to puff away that whole long disreputable episode with a single meaningless remark of Shelley's.

We do admit that "it is certain that some cause or causes of deep division were in operation." We would admit it just the same if the grammar of the statement were as straight as a string, for we drift into pretty indifferent grammar ourselves when we are absorbed in historical work; but we have to decline to admit that we cannot guess those cause or causes.

But guessing is not really necessary. There is evidence attainable; evidence from the batch discredited by the biographer and set out at the back door in his appendix basket; and yet a court of law would think twice before throwing it out, whereas

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it would be a hardy person who would venture to offer in such a place a good part of the material which is placed before the readers of this book as "evidence," and so treated by this daring biographer. Among some letters (in the appendix-basket) from Mrs. Godwin, detailing the Godwinian share in the Shelleyan events of 1814, she tells how Harriet Shelley came to her and her husband, agitated and weeping, to implore them to forbid Shelley the house, and prevent his seeing Mary Godwin.

"She related that last November he had fallen in love with Mrs. Turner and paid her such marked attentions Mr. Turner, the husband, had carried off his wife to Devonshire."

The biographer finds a technical fault in this; "the Shelleys were in *Edinburgh* in November." What of that? The woman is recalling a conversation which is more than two months old; besides, she was probably more intent upen the central and important fact of it than upon its unimportant date. Harriet's quoted statement has some sense in it; for that reason, if for no other, it ought to have been put in the body of the book. Still, that would not have answered; even the biographer's enemy could not be cruel enough to ask him to let this real grievance, this compact and substantial and picturesque figure, this rawhead-and-bloody-bones, come striding in there among those pale shams, those rickety spectres labelled WET-NURSE, BONNET-SHOP, and so on—no, the father of all malice could not ask the biographer to expose his pathetic goblins to a competition like that.

The fabulist finds fault with the statement because it has a technical error in it; and he does this at the moment that he is furnishing us an error himself, and of a graver sort. He says:

"If Turner carried off his wife to Devonshire he brought her back, and Shelley was staying with her and her mother on terms of cordial intimacy in March, 1814.'

We accept the "cordial intimacy"—it was the very thing Harriet was complaining of—but there is nothing to show that it was Turner who brought his wife back. The statement is thrown in as if it were not only true, but was proof that Turner was not uneasy. Turner's *movements* are proof of nothing. Nothing but a statement from Turner's mouth would have any value here, and he made none.

Six days after writing his letter Shelley and his wife were to-

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gether again for a moment—to get remarried according to the rites of the English Church.

Within three weeks the new husband and wife were apart again, and the former was back in his odorous paradise. This time it is the wife who does the deserting. She finds Cornelia too strong for her, probably. At any rate she goes away with her baby and sister, and we have a playful fling at her from good Mrs. Boinville, the "mysterious spinner Maimuna"; she whose "face was as a damsel's face, and yet her hair was gray"; she of whom the biographer has said, "Shelley was indeed caught in an almost invisible thread spun around him, but unconsciously, by this subtle and benignant enchantress." The subtle and benignant enchantress writes to Hogg, April 18: "Shelley is again a widower; his beauteous half went to town on Thursday."

Then Shelley writes a poem—a chant of grief over the hard fate which obliges him now to leave his paradise and take up with his wife again. It seems to intimate that the paradise is cooling toward him; that he is warned off by acclamation; that he must not even venture to tempt with one last tear his friend Cornelia's ungentle mood, for her eye is glazed and cold and dares not entreat her lover to stay:

Exhibit E.

. . . . . .

"Pause not! the time is past! Every voice cries 'Away!'
Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood;
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy stay:
Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude."

Back to the solitude of his now empty home, that is!

"Away! away! to thy sad and silent home;
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth."

. . . . . .

But he will have rest in the grave by and bye. Until that time comes, the charms of Bracknell will remain in his memory, along with Mrs. Boinville's voice and Cornelia Turner's smile:

"Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet, till the phantoms flee
Which that house and hearth and garden made dear to thee erewhile,
Thy remembrance and repentance and deep musings are not free
From the music of two voices and the light of one sweet smile.'

We *cannot* wonder that Harriet could not stand it. Any of us would have left. We would not even stay with a cat that was

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in this condition. Even the Boinvilles could not endure it; and so, as we have seen, they gave this one notice.

"Early in May, Shelley was in London. He did not yet despair of reconciliation with Harriet, nor had he ceased to love her."

Shelley's poems are a good deal of trouble to his biographer. They are constantly inserted as "evidence," and they make much confusion. As soon as one of them has proved one thing, another one follows and proves quite a different thing. The poem just quoted shows that he was in love with Cornelia, but a month later he is in love with Harriet again, and there is a poem to prove it.

"In this piteous appeal Shelley declares that he has now no grief but one—the grief of having known and lost his wife's love."

Exhibit F.

"Thy look of love has power to calm
The stormiest passion of my soul."

But without doubt she had been reserving her looks of love a good part of the time for ten months, now—ever since he began to lavish his own on Cornelia Turner at the end of the previous July. He does really seem to have already forgotten Cornelia's merits in one brief month, for he eulogizes Harriet in a way which rules all competition out:

"Thou only virtuous, gentle, kind,
Amid a world of hate."

He complains of her hardness, and begs her to make the concession of a "slight endurance"—of his waywardness, perhaps—for the sake of "a fellow being's lasting weal." But the main force of his appeal is in his closing stanza, and is strongly worded:

"O trust for once no erring guide!
Bid the remorseless feeling flee;
'Tis malice, 'tis revenge, 'tis pride,
'Tis anything but thee;
O deign a nobler pride to prove,
And pity if thou canst not love."

This is in May—apparently toward the end of it. Harriet and Shelley were corresponding all the time. Harriet got the poem—a copy exists in her own handwriting; she being the only gentle and kind person amid a world of hate, according to Shelley's own testimony in the poem, we are permitted to think that the daily letters would presently have melted that kind and gentle heart and brought about the reconciliation, if there had

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been time—but there wasn't: for in a very few days—in fact before the 8th of June—Shelley was in love with *another* woman!

And so,—perhaps while Harriet was walking the floor nights, trying to get *her* poem by heart—her husband was doing a fresh one—for the other girl—Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin—with sentiments like these in it:

Exhibit G.

"To spend years thus and be rewarded,
As thou, sweet love, requited me
When none were near.
. . . thy lips did meet
Mine tremblingly; . . .

Gentle and good and mild thou art,
Nor can I live if thou appear
Aught but thyself." . . .

And so on. "Before the close of June it was known and felt by Mary and Shelley that each was inexpressibly dear to the other." Yes, Shelley had found this child of sixteen to his liking, and had wooed and won her in the graveyard. But that is nothing; it was better than wooing her in her nursery, at any rate, where it might have disturbed the other children

However, she was a child in years only. From the day that she set her masculine grip on Shelley he was to frisk no more. If she had occupied the only kind and gentle Harriet's place in March it would have been a thrilling spectacle to see her invade the Boinville rookery and read the riot act. That holiday of Shelley's would have been of short duration, and Cornelia's hair would have been as gray as her mother's when the services were over.

Hogg went to the Godwin residence in Skinner Street with Shelley on that 8th of June. They passed through Godwin's little debt-factory of a bookshop and went upstairs hunting for the proprietor. Nobody there. Shelley strode about the room impatiently, making its crazy floor quake under him. Then a door "was partially and softly opened. A thrilling voice called, 'Shelley!' A thrilling voice answered, 'Mary!' And he darted out of the room like an arrow from the bow of the far-shooting King. A very young female, fair and fair-haired, pale indeed, and with a piercing look, wearing a frock of tartan, an unusual dress in London at that time, had called him out of the room.'

This is Mary Godwin, as described by Hogg. The thrill of the voices shows that the love of Shelley and Mary was already

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upwards of a fortnight old; therefore it had been born within the month of May—born while Harriet was still trying to get her poem by heart, we think. I must not be asked how I know so much about that thrill; it is my secret. The biographer and I have private ways of finding out things when it is necessary to find them out and the customary methods fail.

Shelley left London that day, and was gone ten days. The biographer conjectures that he spent this interval with Harriet in Bath. It would be just like him. To the end of his days he liked to be in love with two women at once. He was more in love with Miss Hitchener when he married Harriet then he was with Harriet, and told the lady so with simple and unostentatious candor. He was more in love with Cornelia than he was with Harriet in the end of 1813 and the beginning of 1814, yet he supplied both of them with love poems of an equal temperature meantime; he loved Mary and Harriet in June, and while getting ready to run off with the one, it is conjectured that he put in his odd time tryiug to get reconciled to the other; by and bye, while still in love with Mary, he will make love to her half-sister by marriage, adoption, and the visitation of God, through the medium of clandestine letters, and she will answer with letters that are for no eye but his own.

When Shelley encountered Mary Godwin he was looking around for another paradise. He had tastes of his own, and there were features about the Godwin establishment that strongly recommended it. Godwin was an advanced thinker and an able writer. One of his romances is still read, but his philosophical works, once so esteemed, are out of vogue now; their authority was already declining when Shelley made his acquaintance. That is, it was declining with the public, but not with Shelley. They had been his moral and political Bible, and they were that yet. Shelley the infidel would himself have claimed to be less a work of God than a work of Godwin. Godwin's philosophies had formed his mind and interwoven themselves into it and become a part of its texture; he regarded himself as Godwin's spiritual son. Godwin was not without self-appreciation; indeed it may be conjectured that from his point of view the last syllable of his name was surplusage. He lived serene in his lofty world of philosophy, far above the mean interests that absorbed smaller men, and only came down to the ground at intervals to pass the

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hat for alms to pay his debts with, and insult the man that relieved him. Several of his principles were out of the ordinary. For example, he was opposed to marriage. He was not aware that his preachings from this text were but theory and wind; he supposed he was in earnest in imploring people to live together without marrying, until Shelley furnished him a working model of his scheme and a practical example to analyse, by applying the principle in his own family; the matter took a different and surprising aspect then. The late Matthew Arnold said that the main defect in Shelley's make-up was that he was destitute of the sense of humor. This episode must have escaped Mr. Arnold's attention.

But we have said enough about the head of the new paradise. Mrs. Godwin is described as being in several ways a terror; and even when her soul was in repose she wore green spectacles. But I suspect that her main unattractiveness was born of the fact that she wrote the letters that are out in the appendix-basket in the back yard—letters which are an outrage and wholly untrustworthy, for they say some kind things about poor Harriet and tell some disagreeable truths about her husband; and these things make the fabulist grit his teeth a good deal.

Next we have Fanny Godwin—a Godwin by courtesy only; she was Mrs. Godwin's natural daughter by a former friend. She was a sweet and winning girl, but she presently wearied of the Godwin paradise, and poisoned herself.

Last in the list is Jane (or Claire, as she preferred to call herself) Clairmont, daughter of Mrs. Godwin by a former marriage. She was very young and pretty and accommodating, and always ready to do what she could to make things pleasant. After Shelley ran off with her part-sister Mary, she became the guest of the pair, and contributed a natural child to their nursery—Allegra. Lord Byron was the father.

We have named the several members and advantages of the new paradise in Skinner Street, with its crazy book-shop underneath. Shelley was all right now, this was a better place than the other; more variety, anyway, and more different kinds of fragrance. One could turn out poetry here without any trouble at all.

The way the new love-match came about was this. Shelley told Mary all his aggravations and sorrows and griefs, and about

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the wet-nurse and the bonnet-shop and the surgeon and the carriage, and the sister-in-law that blocked the London game, and about Cornelia and her mamma, and how they had turned him out of the house after making so much of him; and how he had deserted Harriet and then Harriet had deserted him, and how the reconciliation was working along and Harriet getting her poem by heart; and still he was not happy, and Mary pitied him, for she had had trouble herself. But I am not satisfied with this. It reads too much like statistics. It lacks smoothness and grace, and is too earthy and business-like. It has the sordid look of a trades-union procession out on strike. That is not the right form for it. The book does it better; we will fall back on the book and have a cake-walk:

"It was easy to divine that some restless grief possessed him; Mary herself was not unlearned in the lore of pain. His generous zeal in her father's behalf, his spiritual sonship to Godwin, his reverence for her mother's memory, were guarantees with Mary of his excellence.* The new friends could not lack subjects of discourse, and underneath their words about Mary's mother, and 'Political Justice,' and 'Rights of Woman,' were two young hearts, each feeling towards the other, each perhaps unaware, trembling in the direction of the other. The desire to assuage the suffering of one whose happiness has grown precious to us may become a hunger of the spirit as keen as any other, and this hunger now possessed Mary's heart; when her eyes rested unseen on Shelley, it was with a look full of the ardor of a 'soothing pity.'"

Yes, that is better and has more composure. That is just the way it happened. He told her about the wet-nurse, she told him about political justice; he told her about the deadly sister-in-law, she told him about her mother; he told her about the bonnet-shop, she murmured back about the rights of woman; then he assuaged her, then she assuaged him; then he assuaged her some more, next she assuaged him some more; then they both assuaged one another simultaneously; and so they went on by the hour assuaging and assuaging and assuaging, until at last what was the result? They were in love. It will happen so every time.

"He had married a woman who, as he now persuaded himself, had never truly loved him, who loved only his fortune and his rank, and who proved her selfishness by deserting him in his misery."

I think that that is not quite fair to Harriet. We have no certainty that she knew Cornelia had turned him out of the

* What she was after was guarantees of his excellence. That he stood ready to desert his wife and child was one of them, apparently.

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house. He went back to Cornelia, and Harriet may have supposed that he was as happy with her as ever. Still, it was judicious to begin to lay on the whitewash, for Shelley is going to need many a coat of it now, and the sooner the reader becomes used to the intrusion of the brush the sooner he will get reconciled to it and stop fretting about it.

After Shelley's (conjectured) visit to Harriet at Bath—8th of June to 18th—"it seems to have been arranged that Shelley should henceforth join the Skinner Street household each day at dinner."

Nothing could be handier than this; things will swim along now.

"Although now Shelley was coming to believe that his wedded union with Harriet was a thing of the past, he had not ceased to regard her with affectionate consideration; he wrote to her frequently, and kept her informed of his whereabouts."

We must not get impatient over these curious inharmoniousnesses and irreconcilabilities in Shelley's character. You can see by the biographer's attitude toward them that there is nothing objectionable about them. Shelley was doing his best to make two adoring young creatures happy: he was regarding the one with affectionate consideration by mail, and he was assuaging the other one at home.

"Unhappy Harriet, residing at Bath, had perhaps never desired that the breach between herself and her husband should be irreparable and complete."

I find no fault with that sentence except that the "perhaps" is not strictly warranted. It should have been left out. In support—or shall we say extenuation?—of this opinion, I submit that there is not sufficient evidence to warrant the uncertainty which it implies. The only "evidence" offered that Harriet was hard and proud and standing out against a reconciliation is a poem—the poem in which Shelley beseeches her to "bid the remorseless feeling flee" and "pity" if she "cannot love." We have just that as "evidence," and out of its meagre materials the biographer builds a cobhouse of conjectures as big as the Coliseum; conjectures which convince him, the prosecuting attorney, but ought to fall far short of convincing any fair-minded jury.

Shelley's love-poems may be very good evidence, but we know well that they are "good for this day and train only." We are

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able to believe that they spoke the truth for that one day, but we know by experience that they could not be depended on to speak it the next. That very supplication for a rewarming of Harriet's chilled love was followed so suddenly by the poet's plunge into an adoring passion for Mary Godwin that if it had been a check it would have lost its value before a lazy person could have gotten to the bank with it.

Hardness, stubbornness, pride, vindictiveness—these may sometimes reside in a young wife and mother of nineteen, but they are not charged against Harriet Shelley outside of that poem, and one has no right to insert them into her character on such shadowy "evidence" as that. Peacock knew Harriet well, and she has a flexible and persuadable look, as painted by him :

"Her manners were good, and her whole aspect and demeanor such manifest emanations of pure and truthful nature, that to be once in her company was to know her thoroughly. She was fond of her husband, and accommodated herself in every way to his tastes. If they mixed in society, she adorned it; if they lived in retirement, she was satisfied; if they travelled, she enjoyed the change of scene."

"Perhaps" she had never desired that the breach should be irreparable and complete. The truth is, we do not even know that there was any breach at all, at this time. We know that the husband and wife went before the altar and took a new oath on the 24th of March to love and cherish each other until death—and this may be regarded as a sort of reconciliation itself, and a wiping out of the old grudges. Then Harriet went away, and the sister-in-law removed herself from her society. That was in April. Shelley wrote his "appeal" in May, but the corresponding went right along afterward. We have a right to doubt that the subject of it was a "reconciliation," or that Harriet had any suspicion that she needed to be reconciled and that her husband was trying to persuade her to it—as the biographer has sought to make us believe, with his Coliseum of conjectures built out of a waste-basket of poetry. For we have "evidence," now—not poetry and conjecture. When Shelley had been dining daily in the Skinner Street paradise fifteen days and continuing the love-match which was already a fortnight old twenty-five days earlier, he forgot to write Harriet; forgot it the next day and the next. During four days Harriet got no letter from him. Then her fright and anxiety rose to expression-heat, and she wrote a letter

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to Shelley's publisher which seems to reveal to us that Shelley's letters to her had been the customary affectionate letters of husband to wife, and had carried no appeals for reconciliation and had not needed to :

BATH (postmark July 7, 1814).

MY DEAR SIR : You will greatly oblige me by giving the enclosed to Mr. Shelley. I would not trouble you, but it is now four days since I have heard from him, which to me is an age. Will you write by return of post and tell me what has become of him? as I always fancy something dreadful has happened if I do not hear from him. If you tell me that he is well I shall not come to London, but if I do not hear from you or him I shall certainly come, as I cannot endure this dreadful state of suspense. You are his friend and you can feel for me. I remain yours truly, H. S.

Even without Peacock's testimony that "her whole aspect and demeanor were manifest emanations of a pure and truthful nature," we should hold this to be a truthful letter, a sincere letter, a loving letter ; it bears those marks ; I think it is also the letter of a person accustomed to receiving letters from her husband frequently, and that they have been of a welcome and satisfactory sort, too, this long time back—ever since the solemn remarriage and reconciliation at the altar, most likely.

The biographer follows Harriet's letter with a conjecture. He conjectures that she "would now gladly have retraced her steps." Which means that it is proven that she had steps to retrace—proven by the poem. Well, if the poem is better evidence than the letter, we must let it stand at that.

Then the biographer attacks Harriet Shelley's honor—by authority of random and unverified gossip scavengered from a group of people whose very names make a person shudder : Mary Godwin, mistress to Shelley ; her part-sister, discarded mistress of Lord Byron ; Godwin, the philosophical tramp, who gathers his share of it from a shadow—that is to say, from a person whom he shirks out of naming. Yet the biographer dignifies this sorry rubbish with the name of "evidence."

Nothing remotely resembling a distinct charge from a named person professing to know, is offered among this precious "evidence."

1. "Shelley *believed*" so and so.

2. Byron's discarded mistress says that Shelley told Mary Godwin so and so, and *Mary* told *her*.

3. "Shelley said" so and so—and later "admitted over and over again that he had been in error."

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4. The unspeakable Godwin "wrote to Mr. Baxter" that he knew so and so "from unquestionable authority"—name not furnished.

How any man in his right mind could bring himself to defile the grave of a shamefully abused and defenceless girl with these baseless fabrications, this manufactured filth, is inconceivable. How any man, in his right mind or out of it, could sit down and coldly try to persuade anybody to believe it, or listen patiently to it, or indeed do anything but scoff at it and deride it, is astonishing.

The charge insinuated by these odious slanders is one of the most difficult of all offences to prove; it is also one which no man has a right to mention even in a whisper about any woman, living or dead, unless he knows it to be true, and not even then unless he can also *prove* it to be true. There is no justification for the abomination of putting this stuff in the book.

Against Harriet Shelley's good name there is not one scrap of tarnishing evidence, and not even a scrap of evil gossip, that comes from a source that entitles it to a hearing.

On the credit side of the account we have strong opinions from the people who knew her best. Peacock says:

"I feel it due to the memory of Harriet to state my most decided conviction that her conduct as a wife was as pure, as true, as absolutely faultless, as that of any who for such conduct are held most in honor."

Thornton Hunt, who had picked and published slight flaws in Harriet's character, says, as regards this alleged large one:

"There is not a trace of evidence or a whisper of scandal against her before her voluntary departure from Shelley."

Trelawney says:

"I was assured by the evidence of the few friends who knew both Shelley and his wife—Hookham, Hogg, Peacock, and one of the Godwins—that Harriet was perfectly innocent of all offence."

What excuse was there for raking up a parcel of foul rumors from malicious and discredited sources and flinging them at this dead girl's head? Her very defencelessness should have been her protection. The fact that all letters to her or about her, with almost every scrap of her own writing, had been diligently mislaid, leaving her case destitute of a voice, while every pen-stroke which could help her husband's side had been as diligently preserved, should have excused her from being brought to trial. Her

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witnesses have all disappeared, yet we see her summoned in her grave-clothes to plead for the life of her character, without the help of an advocate, before a disqualified judge and a packed jury.

Harriet Shelley wrote her distressed letter on the 7th of July. On the 28th her husband ran away with Mary Godwin and her part-sister Claire, to the Continent. He deserted his wife when her confinement was approaching. She bore him a child at the end of November, his mistress bore him another one something over two months later. The truants were back in London before either of these events occurred.

On one occasion, presently, Shelley was so pressed for money to support his mistress with that he went to his wife and got some money of his that was in her hands—twenty pounds. Yet the mistress was not moved to gratitude; for later, when the wife was troubled to meet her engagements, the mistress makes this entry in her diary:

"Harriet sends her creditors here; nasty woman. Now we shall have to change our lodgings."

The deserted wife bore the bitterness and obloquy of her situation two years and a quarter; then she gave up, and drowned herself. A month afterward the body was found in the water. Three weeks later Shelley married his mistress.

I must here be allowed to italicise a remark of the biographer's concerning Harriet Shelley:

"That no act of Shelley's during the two years which immediately preceded her death tended to cause the rash act which brought her life to its close, seems certain."

Yet her husband had deserted her and her children and was living with a concubine all that time! Why should a person attempt to write biography, when the simplest facts have no meaning to him? This book is littered with as crass stupidities as that one—deductions by the page which bear no discoverable kinship to their premises.

The biographer throws off that extraordinary remark without any perceptible disturbance to his serenity; for he follows it with a sentimental justification of Shelley's conduct which has not a pang of conscience in it, but is silky and smooth and undulating and pious—a cake-walk with all the colored brethren at their best.

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There may be people who can read that page and keep their temper, but it is doubtful.

Shelley's life has the one indelible blot upon it, but is otherwise worshipfully noble and beautiful. It even stands out indestructibly gracious and lovely from the ruck of these disastrous pages, in spite of the fact that they expose and establish his responsibility for his forsaken wife's pitiful fate—a responsibility which he himself tacitly admits in a letter to Eliza Westbrook, wherein he refers to his taking up with Mary Godwin as an act which Eliza "might excusably regard as the cause of her sister's ruin."

MARK TWAIN.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE CONCEITED SEX.

IT IS usually agreed that man is the more conceited, and woman the vainer, sex. The superficial mind, indolently content with the surface of things, accords a ready hospitality to a distinction that spares it the trouble of thinking. The more strenuous mind of the social philosopher will not be put off with mere tags and labels. It grants the external distinction, but it insists on looking below externals. It asks whether the emotions which we call conceit and vanity are not in essence the same, borrowing the color which seems to differentiate them from the vessel that holds them. Water is water whether contained in a red vase or a green. Yet in the one case it looks red, in the other green. And so with conceit or vanity. At bottom it is simply the love of admiration. In the male sex this passion becomes a demand, in the female it is simply a desire. The more highly developed members of the male sex are conscious of the fact that they have no superiors in the whole range of organic life. But the most gifted woman always has the more gifted man to look up to. Hence man at his best proudly feels that admiration is his due; woman at her best merely hopes that it is. *He* can only look around on his equals or down on his inferiors. *She* must always look up. It is the difference in attitude that constitutes the apparent difference in the emotion. Conceit asks for admiration as a right, vanity craves it as a boon.

But here we must stop and make another distinction. In its beginnings conceit or vanity is a virtue, not a vice. It is the conscious sense of *noblesse*, obliging man to live up to his *noblesse*. It is the desire for admiration, keeping woman up to the plane of pleasing. In other words, it is a most powerful incentive to right-seeming and right-being. Exactly where the virtue shades off into a vice is a nice question to determine. But in a broad and general way we can say that whenever the consciousness of deserving admiration or the desire for admiration is overweening and overwhelming; whenever it is a lie or the cause of lies; whenever it induces the individual to be offensive, overbearing, or ridiculous; whenever it leads to the sacrifice of principle, honor, and self-respect; whenever it entails the discomfort of others—then it is a vice, and is properly stigmatized by the unpleasant name of conceit or vanity.

Now, in which sex is the inordinate love of admiration attended with the greater loss of principle, truth, and self-respect—in which does it take on the more offensive, overbearing, and ridiculous shape? That the conceit of man is more overbearing than the vanity of woman is self-evident. For man is the stronger sex, and it is the tendency of ill-directed strength to be overbearing. Undoubtedly this is a condition of

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mind that is unpleasant and vexatious to other minds which are brought in contact therewith. But at least it has the merit of truthfulness. At least the man believes in himself. He credits himself with the qualities upon which he conceits himself. The fact may not be a fact; to him, however, it is a fact. But a woman's vanity is never entirely truthful, never entirely sincere. It is the wild desire to impress by appearing to be something which she is not, and which she instinctively knows she is not. It is a confession of weakness in the very attempt to put on a show of strength.

A vice that is based upon an honest misconception of fact is infinitely less harmful than a vice that is based upon a wilful distortion of fact. A lie is really the only great crime that a human being can commit. Well and wisely did the old theologians, when casting about for a name which should hold up the enemy of mankind to the uttermost detestation, brand him and stigmatize him forever as the Father of Lies. And because the vanity of women is founded upon untruth, it is more offensive and ridiculous, and entails a greater loss of principle, of honor, of self-respect, than the conceit of man.

Is it not the universal struggle of woman to look like something else than herself? The maid wants to look like her mistress, the matron like a maiden, the brazen strive to appear innocent, the innocent to appear brazen. It is not viciousness, but this same perversity of vanity, which makes the girl of the period (or, in still more modern slang, the *fin-de-siècle girl*) seek to imitate the manners and the appearance of the harridan on the streets. The blonde dyes her hair dark, the brunette bleaches it. Paint and powder are called in to conceal the defects of nature or the ravages of time. Belladonna dilates the pupils until they are larger than life. Tight corsets cramp the waist into impossible smallness. High heels give the low-statured a deceptive appearance of height. Pads fill up with falsehood the deficiencies of outline, and serve to prove that, with women at least, figures do lie. But these are commonplaces, you say. So much the worse for the sex if they are so frequent as to grow into the recognized commonplaces of life. But after all, you insist, they are mere harmless vanities. Not a bit of it. In all but intention, they are actual crimes of a very grievous sort. A crime is an offence against the designs of nature. Nature has two great ends in view—first, the progress and perfection of the race, and, second, the comfort of the individual on the journey upward. She looks with loathing upon any one who deliberately blocks her in the attempt to secure either end. She ruthlessly uses all means to clear them out of her way, and arms us with scorn and wrath so that we will aid her. Hence our hatred of crime and criminals; hence the laws which society has made against them.

Now, woman is doubly guilty, inasmuch as by outraging the true canons of dress, she both sacrifices the comfort of the individual and jeopardizes the higher evolution of the race. She forfeits her own health by taking poisonous drugs for her complexion, by using poisonous drugs on her hair, by the sudden change of clothing which that curious misnomer "full dress" entails. She forfeits her own comfort by squeezing her waist into tight corsets and her feet into tighter shoes. But it is her own individual comfort, you say, her own individual health that she sacrifices; she is a martyr to fashion. No, not a martyr, for the very word fashion indicates that women sin in this way because other women do so. Every woman, therefore, is responsible for the discomfort of the whole sex. No, not a martyr, because there are other than individual interests, other than sex interests, at stake.

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If woman sacrifices her health, she thereby impairs her powers of maternity, she entails suffering upon posterity, and the possibilities of weaknesses that may plunge her descendants into errors and crimes.

In fact, there is nothing wanting save malicious intent to make the woman of the period the most frightful criminal in existence. That absence of intent would go far to absolve her in any court of morals. Ignorance of the law excuses no man, but we must allow it to excuse woman, because she is not an entirely rational being. It is her reason that is at fault, not her conscience. She means well, only she does not know. Her very vanity, harmful as it is, has an altruistic motive, a motive, moreover, that is flattering to the other sex. She sacrifices her comfort, her health, in order that she may attract men, or, rather, some particular man. Heine, who knew women, and who, like other students of the sex, loved them so dearly that he recognized all their faults, once remarked of authoresses that, when they write, one eye is on the paper, and the other on some man. To be sure, he makes an exception of the Countess Hahn-Hahn. But he explains that she only has one eye. He owns that male authors have their prejudices, that they write for or against something, for or against an idea, for or against a party, "but women always write for or against some particular man, or, to express it more correctly, on account of some particular man." Now, what is true of authoresses is true of women in all relations of life.

We have described this as an altruistic motive. Unfortunately it is not always so. The desire to attract does not always mean the desire to please, to comfort, to add to the happiness of the person in view. Or even if that is an incidental object it is not always the result, from the perplexing contrast often presented between woman's intentions and their outcome. The main object of women is conquest, power, supremacy. They want man at their pretty feet. They like to torture him, as naughty children torture flies. They like to play with him as cats play with mice. The metaphors are not perfect. Children, even naughty children, are superior to flies. Cats are superior to mice. But women find elation in the very fact that it is the superior being whom for the moment they are dominating by wiles and cunning.

If Samson were not so very strong, Delilah would not rejoice so much at contemplating his temporary weakness. If Merlin were not the wisest of men, Vivien would not take such supreme delight in making a fool of him. The vanity of women, being false in essence, rejoices in such reversal of the real condition of things. This is true not only of the Helens and Cleopatras who have sacrificed their own countries and plunged nations into bloodshed in the effort to make men love them, but of the thousands of coquettes and jilts and shrews who, from circumstances beyond their control, have been obliged to content themselves with the humbler rôle of making commonplace men miserable in a commonplace way.

In all these cases it is the spectacle of weakness allowed to triumph over strength, because of that very strength. The mastering force of a great passion makes man chivalrously submissive to the object of his passion. The weaker party, dressed in the brief authority willingly relinquished by the stronger, is liable to be the cruel tyrant which weakness in power has always proved; not that woman is cruel consciously and of malice prepense. Man, when he is a tyrant, is a mere brute, coarsely indifferent to the sufferings of others; but woman, when intoxicated by the wine of vanity, has no suspicion of the exquisite nature of the tortures

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which she can and does inflict upon the man whom she loves, provided he also loves her. Love and hate are so closely allied!

A clever Frenchman has said, and with some truth, that in England woman is the inferior of man, in France she is his equal, and in America his superior. Indeed, man in this country has deferred to her so long that woman is beginning to think she has the force that compels deference, and not the weakness that woos it. She has fought her way into so many avenues of intellectual effort hitherto closed to her, that she is beginning to look upon the very citadel as hers. She has even, in her exalted moments, vague, sad dreams of a good time coming when the coarse masculine intelligence which has so long mismanaged things in this world will be replaced by the finer intuitions and nobler instincts of the oppressed sex. In short, the vanity of woman in this day, when she is so strenuously imitating the masculine animal whom she despises so deeply, is beginning to assume a masculine tinge; it is a sort of *pseudo*-conceit.

With man the contrary is the case. Doubt is in the air. There is an upheaval of old traditions and conventionalities. Not only the superstructure, but the very foundations, of old faiths and old beliefs are threatened with annihilation. With no firm ground to stand upon, the self-confidence of the past has vanished. Disbelief in everything involves disbelief in one's self. A suspension of judgment on all disputed questions, on all questions that can possibly be a subject of dispute, leads to a suspension of judgment as to one's own ability to grapple with such questions. *Agnosco*, "I do not know," that is the attitude which the more advanced man of to-day schools himself to assume. But *agnosco* is never a word that could issue from the lips of a woman, especially an advanced woman. She "knows it all." She is always cock-sure, without the slightest apprehension of the conditions of rational certainty. She is a passionate advocate. But she has no conscience, either in attack or defence. The angels are always on her side, the devils against her. If she is irreligious, she is a shrieking atheist who sees only imposture and fraud in the great faiths that rolled out from the hearts of nations. If she is religious, she knows that doubt is devil-born, that humbly to confess your inability to cope with the mystery of existence is wilfully and with proud and wicked defiance to close your eyes to the light which she sees and which, therefore, you ought to see. One virtue must indeed be conceded to her. Whether she is championing the advocates of the Higher Criticism or whether she is pointing out the absurd and dangerous errors of Darwin or Spencer, she does it with the impartiality of one who has never read them, or, having read, has not the slightest comprehension of their real meaning.

Above all things, the advanced woman is a great reader of character. She dispenses with all the absurdly tardy methods of observation, comparison, analysis. She is ready at a glance to classify every new variety of man or woman. The air of infallibility with which she will discuss the inner emotions, the secret springs which move the actions of any mere chance acquaintance, illustrates her eagerness to simulate knowledge where the requisite conditions of accurate information are absolutely and obviously wanting. Of the endless diversity of individual temperament, of the intricacies and contradictions of human nature, of the abysmal depths of personality, she has no conception. She translates everything outside of herself into terms of her own consciousness. She imputes her own modes of thought and feeling to other individuals, just as the primitive savage

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projects himself, his sentiments, and his intentions into even the inanimate world around him. In her heart she despises logic. She is conscious that her intuitions are far superior to any mere mental process. Yet no woman of spirit ever submitted without an explosion to the imputation of being illogical. Why should she? Was it man or woman who invented that most elementary of all formulas,—so simple, so beautiful, so easily adjusted to every argument that might arise,—"It is, because it is"? And with all his boasted superiority, has man ever mastered the true principle of logical fence, that if you want to say a single word upon a subject you must start off with a thousand upon another subject which has no possible relation thereto?

The advanced woman of to-day, in short, is as conceited and self-confident as can be. Elate with the sense of her capacity to do many things which her grandmother would have deemed impossible, she is ready to do anything that man has done. Her only complaint is that she is still debarred from many things which she could do quite as well, if not better than man. Yet we were right in calling her conceit a *pseudo*-conceit. Its strident and blatant arrogance has an underlying sense of impotence that is at once humorous and pathetic. Dr. Johnson's oft-quoted saying that a woman preaching is like a dog standing on its hind legs—the wonder isn't that it is done so well, but that it is done at all; this saying is ungallant and unfair. It is a coarse exaggeration of the truth. Let us allow for the coarseness and the exaggeration, and with this allowance still use it for our purposes. You might imagine a dog imbued with human consciousness standing on its hind legs and shouting out with great glee, "See I can do this as well as a man." But you could never imagine the counter-proposition—you could never imagine a man shouting, "See, I can do this as well as a dog."

Now, a woman's shrill self-assertiveness has the same qualities of conscious weakness and infirmity. She is continually boasting. She is continually drawing attention to her own performances and comparing them with those of man. At the Chicago Exposition she must even have a Woman's Pavilion, for the exploitation of the sex. Imagine a man's pavilion at the same fair! The glory of the lily is one thing and the glory of the oak is another. Woman can never be the equal of man in either physical or mental strength so long as she is handicapped by the burden of possible maternity. Nature does not lay a burden of that kind on any creature without taxing all the energies, mental and physical, to contribute to its support. Nor do we agree with George Eliot's misogynist, that woman shoulders this burden "in a poor makeshift sort of a way; it ha' better ha' been left to the man." As the mother of the race, man, it must be conceded, would be a failure. Not only physically, but mentally and morally he is unfitted for so holy, delicate, and beautiful a mission. As the leader and the fighter in the battle of life, woman would also be a failure. Her vanity costs her much at present, it costs the human race much. Do not let her add to that cost by the *pseudo*-conceit of an assumed mental equality with man. Let her beware of adding to the failures of life a creature who has thrown aside beauty and not assumed strength, who has ceased to be a woman and has not learned to be a man.

WILLIAM S. WALSH.

TENDENCIES OF THE TURF.

EVERY nation has had its ruling sport. At present, so far as the great cities in this country, England, and France are concerned, the racing of thoroughbred running horses is the most prominent pastime: It is what

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the Olympian games were to Greece, or what the combats in the gladiatorial arena and chariot races were to Rome; what the bull-fights are to the Spanish peoples in Europe or South America. It may be said that more people are interested in baseball or tennis in this country than are followers of the races. Cricket or tennis may enlist more devotees in England than racing. We are glad to believe that both propositions are true, and also that the class who uphold the contests of ball field and court are more greatly benefited by their recreation, and show greater refinement, as a class, than the race-going public. Still the fact remains that horse-racing is one of the "fashionable" diversions in cities like New York. No contests of baseball, tennis, cricket, rowing, rifle-shooting, yacht-racing, athletics, or football draw such crowds as go to see the Suburban Handicap run at Coney Island, the Derby in England, or the struggle for the Grand Prix of Paris. In the vicinity of New York there is racing on every fair day from early in May until November or later. Jerome Park, Morris Park, Sheepshead Bay, and Monmouth Beach are supplemented by other less reputable racecourses in supplying the demand for excitement and diversion. Racecourses at Saratoga, Chicago, Louisville, Washington, Detroit, and other large cities also find a paying patronage.

To people who never analyzed the attractions of the turf it may seem inexplicable how horse-racing should maintain such a hold on the public. Owing to the atmosphere of gambling that surrounds the sport many people will never enter a racecourse. They judge of the character of the diversion by what they read, by what they imagine, by what they see of its results, by its devotees. When we account for its popularity it will be easy to see whether or not the turf deserves patronage. We enter into this analysis knowing that the question is already prejudged by most readers, but yet with the hope that so prominent a phase of present-day life is worth consideration. We must remember that some people of wide and excellent reputation attend the races, occasionally at least; that the crowds present each year grow larger; that a costly new course has this year been added to New York's attractions, that another at Saratoga is proposed, and thus the sport appears to be gaining in favor.

The big racecourses at first attract people out of curiosity. As a spectacle alone one might say that it were worth while to go once to see the thoroughbreds, like lean greyhounds, spring into a mile and a half struggle for stakes which reach twenty and even forty thousand dollars. The brilliant line of mounted jockeys, resplendent in colored silk, the long and broad oval or straightaway track, the grand-stand, black with people and fluttering with ribbons and banners, all combine to make an attractive scene. This might suffice to give one a fair return for his fifty cents or one dollar admission fee, his half-day of time, his railroad fare to and from the track. But one would not go many times to see this sight, however pretty. Day after day the spectacle is the same. The same lean, nervy horses, or ones almost the same in appearance, are ridden; the same colors adorn the rounded shoulders of the white or colored jockeys; the same flags flutter, and the same crowds clamor on the stand. One who has carried a season-pass to a track, and believes himself a lover of good horses, may conscientiously aver that the races as a mere spectacle soon become so drearily monotonous as not to tempt one to walk a block to see them. Yet the public, if they do not gamble, have no part to play but that of spectators. They must remain passive, and are not spurred to imitation as in watching

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athletic games, for instance. "Ah," says the racing enthusiast, "you must take an interest in the several horses. Just look at Salvator going to the post now."

Well, one who has read columns in praise of some wonder of the turf will naturally have an interest in such a racing-machine. To see Salvator run a mile in one minute thirty-five and a half seconds, lessening by several seconds the world's record for a mile; or to see Firenzi lower her own best record of 2:34 for a mile and a half, as was done recently, may be memorable for any of the twenty to thirty thousand spectators. But one cannot see Salvator and Firenzi race every day. Even if one did, the repetition would soon breed a desire for a change, though it be for a race between a cow and a donkey. Then, how could one possibly take an interest in the individuality of each of the several hundred other horses in training? No, it is impossible to foster such a multiplicity of graduated interests that in each race one shall know which horse he wishes to come in first and which second. "But," says the racing enthusiast, "just put five dollars in the mutual pools for some horse to win and another to run second, and you will feel the keenest interest." This frank admission is a most important key to the popularity of racing. If the man who goes to the races out of curiosity, for recreation, or because it is "the correct thing," once descends to betting on a horse to "increase his interest," he is very likely to become one of the nervous, anxious throng who follow the races daily from May to November, winning and losing, each pitted against all the rest, and praying to the goddess of Luck to keep his savings on the increase and that of his fellows on the decrease.

It is not necessary to recount the evils of gambling. They are trite, but their depth of misery will never be told. Health, friends, reputation, home, happiness, and life itself are virtually cast in the balance. Fortune can win all of these from the man, who, if he wins, may only double his money! Verily, Fortune asks tremendous odds. Watch that nervous man running his eye over the horses in the paddock! He fancies his favorite is out of condition and he races back to the betting stands to place a bet on some other horse. He fights for a footing with crowds of others, at last secures his ticket, runs to the homestretch, and his heart thumps more violently than that of the poor brute who struggles home under whip and spur—beaten! Such is his daily life: to-day exalted by luck, to-morrow depressed by the same demon. How long can he stand the strain? How long will his family? If there are pleasures and innocent features in racing it is certainly a sad mistake that its corner-stone should be gambling. The apparently indispensable adjunct of betting is kept up at all the racecourses. If bookmakers are arrested they are bailed and otherwise protected by the racing associations.

One might mention other influences which give impetus to the popularity of racing. The newspapers give not only a column to three columns daily to this sport, but they send some of their brightest writers to describe the details of the contests, men who can write entertainingly about the most monotonous series of scrambles in dust and mud. After the element of gambling the racecourses depend most largely perhaps on the support given them by the press. An indorsement of considerable weight is added by many members of the fashionable and wealthy class who drive to the races in four-in-hands and otherwise display their wealth on the race-tracks.

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The apology for racing is that it furnishes recreation. But recreation is not wholly a good thing, if it is productive of evil results. Some of the patrons of the turf might perhaps be worse employed were it blotted out. Others would doubtless be in better avocations. One may say that evil in race-going depends on the man and his financial and physical ability to stand dissipation, or his moral ability to stand temptation. A half-holiday spent in watching thoroughbreds run, by the sea-shore, spent as a relief from business routine looks harmless enough. But if it leads to years of blind stumbling after the false gods of Chance, even the first step can hardly appear innocent. Supporters of the turf claim that racing leads to a betterment of the country's stock of horses by the use of imported thoroughbred sires, by careful selection in breeding, etc. But, conceding there is some truth in this, the turfmen must admit that, after all, the thoroughbred is pre-eminently fit only for racing. We can raise typical saddle horses, trotting horses, carriage horses, draught horses, without any further infusion of thoroughbred blood. Few people want racers or hunters. The cast-off colts and aged horses from the racing stables bring low prices, for the reason that thoroughbreds are not especially fitted for any other use. They are apt to be obstreperous in harness, often fiery and unreliable for any use. It can be claimed that a part thoroughbred may make a good trotter or saddle horse; and Senator Stanford, of California, had great faith in thoroughbred blood infused into the American trotter. Without pursuing the subject further, it need only be said that if thoroughbred blood is valuable in breeding horses for other than racing purposes it will be found out and used without regard to racing; and it may be fully as effective if the best colts and horses have not their stamina and vitality pounded out by a racecourse career. But we are considering especially the moral aspects of the turf.

This leads to the final consideration we have to offer for the making up of a verdict on racing. Are horses abused on the turf? Is cruelty practised? If cruelty is practised, why do not humane societies interfere? This last query we leave to the societies. The first two questions can be answered by quotations from the very writers who help support the turf by their entertaining reports in the newspapers. To be sure the heaving flank, the bleeding sides, and ridged bodies that register the whip's activity, are not often dilated on. Such sights are too common for the chronicler to pay attention to, except occasionally. Moreover they can hardly be made attractive even to the hardened, "horsey" taste of the inveterate racegoer. No one likes the sight of blood, and here are gently-bred ladies looking on! Tell them not to look at the tired, dusty, bloody brute. He will be washed, bandaged, and doctored up for another race.

Every race-goer knows that in nearly every race one or more of the horses are spurred until their sides bleed, whipped for a good part of the last furlong, and made to strain every nerve, tendon, and blood-vessel in the effort to mould the decrees of Chance. Occasionally a horse breaks neck, or limb, or fetlock-joint, snaps a tendon, bruises a joint, or otherwise hurts himself irremediably. Many a man who admires good horses and a fair race would attend races if horses were not so cruelly lashed, spurred, and driven to their last atom of endurance. "Those little whips and spurs may look harmless," said an old horseman, "but they are made to hurt." Horsemen know that most horses will run very close to, if not fully up to, their utmost ability without whip or spur. Would it not be better to drop from the races all animals who must needs be tortured to make them extend themselves? It would tend to the

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breeding of a more willing, stout-hearted race of horses. If whips are necessary to start a horse up, why not restrict jockeys to a light piece of rattan or a rope's end, instead of allowing the use of the villainous, cutting catgut, whalebone, and steel? Spurs should be abolished altogether.

One of the superior attractions of a trotting race is that it is rarely expedient to whip a horse. A good trotter will do his best without a whip, and the latter will only make him break and run. Indeed, as an exhibition of a strong inherent trait and careful training in the animal, and skill in the driver, trotting races may claim marked superiority over running races.

But to sum up. Gambling and a cruel, blunting abuse of animals are obvious and ugly blots on any showing that the turf can make as a beneficial source of recreation. It is not expected that the popularity of racing —transient though it may be—will be much affected by this review. We may only help some to form opinions or to strengthen ones already formed. If the turf is an evil, one should give it no half-indorsement. If it is only half bad it should be reformed. As in dealing with the liquor traffic, it may not be most expedient to employ prohibitive measures. There is one weapon that is resistless, and which any one may wield to some extent, and that is public sentiment. If that can become moulded into rigid law for the prevention of gambling and cruelty on racetracks, then, as regards all its innocent features we heartily say, "Long life to the Turf!" Racing as a spectacle is so passive a recreation that it can never rank in beneficial results with games or sports which are actively participated in. But there is a way of trying conclusions of speed between horses which is sportsmanlike, gentlemanly, and unselfish, which has regard for a horse's feelings and powers, and which is not a mere money-getting scheme. May such racing prevail over the odious practices now prevalent!

C. H. CRANDALL.

THE READING OF POOR CHILDREN.

FOR a long time I have had exceptional opportunities of watching the reading of the children of a poor city neighborhood. Every week-day evening for half an hour after dinner (7 to 7:30) the parlors of the Andover House are open to children who wish to take books home to read. Our entire library is contained in a single revolving bookcase, but in the course of a little over a year it has somehow supplied more than 200 children with more than 2,500 books.

All along the demand for fairy stories has been phenomenal. It has come from boys and girls alike, without distinction of age. How far this is characteristic of the children of working people I do not know. Our young people are, for the most part, of Irish parentage, and we attribute much of their passion for the imaginative to this Celtic strain. Strangely enough (it may be because their critical faculties are not sufficiently developed to admit of fine discriminations) they much prefer books that are all fact to those that are a blending of fact and fancy. Thus, histories are second only to fairy tales in popularity. By histories ("war books" the boys call them) must be understood American histories, and always, by preference, those dealing with the Civil War or the Revolution. In fact, the appetite for American history is so ravenous that the two or three dry historical text-books which have somehow crept into the shelves have been greedily devoured.

Books of travel and adventure have a considerable vogue, less, however,

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than would naturally be expected, in view of the fact that the majority of the library patrons are boys. Of the 2,500 copies mentioned, 353 have been books of pure adventure, and 282 books of travel. That the numbers of fairy tales and histories recorded are only 382 and 314 respectively is a splendid illustration of the way in which unexplained figures may lie. The truth is our supply both of fairy books and war books has been shamefully meagre, while the supply of books of travel and adventure has been ample. Daily association and talk with the children leaves no room for doubt that, with their choice allowed free range, fifty per cent. of the entire output would have been fairy stories, and at least half of the remaining fifty per cent. "war books." Stories of school and home life, manuals of games and sports, funny books, ballads and narrative poems, and adaptations of natural and applied science are received with some degree of interest. The old favorites, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Arabian Nights*, *Tom Brown*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and *Mother Goose* charm here as everywhere. Of the standard novelists Cooper, Scott, and Dickens are read, but with no great degree of ardor.

Calls for special books may often be traced to changes of programme at the theatres. Thus a temporary demand was created for *Oliver Twist*, *Rip Van Winkle*, the *Merchant of Venice*, the *Three Musketeers*, and even for Tennyson's *Becket*. The reason for such other special calls as Erckmann-Chatrian's *Citizen Bonaparte*, Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, Scott's *Marmion*, the lives of Havelock, Clive, Grattan, and Sir Francis Drake, George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*, and Tom Moore's *History of Ireland* can only be surmised.

The eagerness with which gaudily covered, copiously illustrated quartos are seized and borne away, regardless of their contents, shows an appreciation of the pictorial, and is, on that account, little (if at all) to be deplored. Still we are glad to have the occasional chance which the rebinding of the quartos gives, to insist that pictures and colored paper, do not make a book. And this lesson has its effect. Certain unpretentious duodecimos, which were hardly looked at in the beginning, have at last become prime favorites. It is interesting to note that the girls reads boys' books with avidity, while the boys will not knowingly touch girls' books. If a boy gets a girls' book home by mistake, he hurries it back with the frankest expressions of disgust.

Some amusing things happen. The few boys who cannot read take out books as assiduously as the others, with a heroic determination to be "in the swim"; furthermore, the same willingness appears, as in adult Boston society, to feign admiration for the books approved by the social leaders (in this case the leaders of the "gangs"). A boy was heard advising his younger brother to take out the "Tale of Troy." "Dat's de book you'se wants ter git," he said, "dat'll tell yer all about New York an' de Bowery." Another boy whom I had noticed gazing longingly at the top shelves, on which the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, etc., were ranged, sidled up to me with an abashed appeal that he be allowed to take out "a work." Plainly he looked on works as something too high and mighty for such as he. His "work" secured, he displayed a fine scorn for the boys who took out "pitcher books," because they were not "high enough in school" to read "works." Of course, many of these children get hold of and read sensational newspapers and the worst sort of paper-covered literature. For all that, their taste is, on the whole, still healthy. It will remain so if

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plenty of the right sort of books are brought into their midst and kept there. They know there is a public library, but they have not learned to use it, deterred, no doubt, by distance, the red tape of giving references, the inconvenient obscurity of the catalogue, and the danger of incurring fines. Our little case of books leads up naturally to the Public Library, and by taking from there, on our cards, occasional books for the children, we may be able in time to stimulate them to take out cards of their own. This would be a distinct and permanent gain.

ALVAN F. SANBORN.

RESTLESS FRENCH CANADA.

IT was a French Canadian premier who declared, amid deafening plaudits, that the last gun in defence of British connection would be fired by a French Canadian gunner. His ardor was rewarded by his sovereign, who promptly created him a knight and aide-de-camp on her personal staff. The Dominion has not grown very old since that patriotic period was pronounced, and yet it is from the lips of two prominent leaders of the French Canadians, the one a Liberal ex-premier, the other a Conservative ex-lieutenant-governor, that the severing of the imperial tie, and separation from the British flag, are urged, with more or less eloquence of phrase. True both statesmen are out of a job at present. It is also true that the voice which pleaded with such rhetorical effect for the continuance of the old relationship belonged to one who occupied a high and lucrative office. A few years ago no responsible Canadian leader would have faced the electors with the cry of Independence. To day no English leader would attempt it. And yet the loyalty of French Canada seems, on the surface, to be sincere. A chief, high in the esteem of the French Liberals, once said, "France gave us life, but England gave us liberty, freedom, and self-government." The outburst caused applause, and there was waving of handkerchiefs, while the more emotional in the audience shed tears. Not long ago Frechette's drama of "Papineau" was produced in Quebec City. The heroic and patriotic passages, of which there are many in the play, were applauded. The English military officers, prototypes of those remarkable warriors familiar to the spectators of an Irish drama, were, of course, hissed whenever they presented themselves. Their loyal sentiments were greeted by the youths in the galleries with execrations loud and deep. The feeling evoked doubtless was inherited from their cradles. And yet those half-grown boys would willingly fight to maintain the Canadian constitution. The devotion of the French Canadians, as a whole, to Great Britain, despite the invectives of the demagogues, is strong. The Church, always wise where her own interests are concerned, encourages British connection, and teaches her flock to obey the laws and respect the authorities. In 1837 the Church sided with the English oppressors. At an earlier time, when the marauder appeared on the scene, and put temptation in the way, the powerful arm of the hierarchy was raised aloft, and again it triumphed. The Church in Canada understands her people. She thinks for many of them. But her own safety is her first thought. The peace of Paris gave civil liberty to the people of Quebec, but, says Parkman, "the conqueror left their religious system untouched, and through it they have imposed upon themselves a weight of ecclesiastical tutelage that finds few equals in the most Catholic countries of Europe. Such guardianship is not without

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certain advantages." "But," he adds, "when faithfully exercised it aids to uphold some of the tamer virtues, if that can be called a virtue which needs the constant presence of a sentinel to keep it from escaping; but it is fatal to the mental robustness and moral courage; and if French Canada would fulfil its aspirations it must cease to be one of the most priest-ridden communities of the modern world."

The dead-lock between Upper and Lower Canada, in 1865, was the real father of confederation. English Protestant Ontario and French Catholic Quebec were at loggerheads continually. Practically, there were two premiers. Complications arose frequently, and union with the other provinces became a necessity. Two years later Nova Scotia and New Brunswick entered the confederacy, and there was peace for a time, a coalition government being the result of the compact. Later, the other provinces, saving the colony of Newfoundland, became part of the Dominion. After a quarter of a century of union, during which two rebellions in the Northwest broke out and were suppressed at great cost, Canada finds herself with a problem which cannot be solved off-hand. It involves nothing less than the future of the British Possessions on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. Imperial Federation having died still-born, may be dismissed. In the brightest days of the project no feasible plan was ever proposed by the apostles of the movement, and though opinion was much against the idea in English Canada, French Canada produced but one supporter of the cause, and he was lukewarm, and begged for completer information. Three other plans are suggested, viz.: The continuance of the present Colonial system, Independence, and Annexation to the United States. The *status quo* is favored by the English generally. The French Canadian clergy—moving ever deliberately towards change of any sort—likewise desire to keep intact the present state of things. A million French Canadians are already domiciled in the States. They are frugal and industrious and make good citizens. The Church, however, would keep them at home, but they naturally go whither they can better their fortunes. Life in the Republic, the *curés* think, is far more liable to temptation than life in the little Canadian parishes. Certain it is, the exiled French Canadian youth loses much of that veneration and respect for the clergy which he had always at home, where he doffed his cap to the holy father as he passed him on the road, and the sombre soutane filled a large place in his eyes. The Church, too, is his first consideration, and his religious duties, learned at school, are never neglected. Across the border, however, he lives under less restraint. He follows the fashions with greater care. He attends mass, of course, but the absence of the full uniform of his ecclesiastical adviser in the streets has an effect upon him which is not enthralling. In fact, he soon learns the American art of not venerating the cloth, and this the home clergy greatly dislike. The Church in Canada is secure so long as British connection continues. The people are held in closer communion with it, and no priest would advocate an alteration of the present colonial system.

Independence and annexation may be coupled together, for the adoption of the former would surely lead to the latter.

A generation ago, Baron Lisgar stated in Halifax that should Canada desire separation from the Mother Country, England would not fire a gun to restrain her. He spoke with the full authority and consent of the Colonial Office. His speech was received with mortification by the loyal Nova Scotians, but the wound was soothed when Lord Dufferin arrived in

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Canada. This distinguished diplomat immediately began to undo the mischief wrought by his predecessor. He preached the doctrine of British connection and national unity, and urged Canada to be true to the empire and to herself. His successors in turn have taught the same lesson, and of late years the British press, which for decades had practically ignored Canada and the Canadians, have opened their columns for the discussion of Canadian questions. In contrast is the conduct of the Parisian press, which, though they attract the French Canadian heart, yield nothing in return. In France a commissioner for Canada is maintained, and he fills his office worthily, but a French newspaper rarely refers to the life, aspiration, and movement of the distant colony, which once belonged to France.

The pleading for change comes mainly from the French leaders. The rank and file, and particularly those who live in the country, are content to take things as they are. But the leaders demand change whenever they can find a real or a fancied grievance. A year ago, a French leader advocated annexation, but he had been deposed from a high position. His law partner, who had no sins to answer for, was not so open. He only aspired to independence, "not for the satisfaction of a vain sentiment, nor for the gratification of an ideal dream, but because I see also in independence the safeguards of our dearest interests." His chief in Parliament was no less outspoken. And later, we have Mr. Joseph Royal, an ex-lieutenant-governor, demanding independence, and telling us that annexation may, with surety, come afterwards. Another French orator wants Quebec Province to have independence alone, to go out of the Canadian union, and set up an establishment on the banks of the St. Lawrence, "looking to no other beacon of salvation than the citadel of Quebec." Of course, this is sheer nonsense, but it gives an idea of the restless spirit which prevails.

The weakness of French Canada in the Confederation is owing to the tendency of her people to live apart from their English compatriots. They lack the spirit of unity, and the desire to build up a healthy national feeling. They fight persistently to gain petty objects, while the large aims are abandoned. They will quibble over a question of language, and allow the English to win the best things, under their very eyes. Political feeling runs high, and during an election campaign their press ring with vituperation. The editors are quick to invoke the aid of the courts against their contemporaries, while the politicians are as often found defending themselves from charges of slander as they are in bringing causes against their rivals in the same field. The French nurse the idea that the English do not like them. This, however, is wrong. The English see much to admire in their French fellow-citizens, and strive always to cultivate friendly relations with them. But so long as the French people of Canada permit demagogues to inflame their passions, and force them to pull down, instead of building up, the fabric created in 1867, just so long will crises such as the one now raging over the sectarian schools prevail, and destroy that harmony on which so much depends. Independence would put Canada at the mercy of the United States. Annexation would inevitably follow. And the United States would, at once, erect each province into a State, and Quebec would lose what she treasures and values most, the conservation of her laws, her language, and her institutions. The official language of the State of Quebec would be English. The Church would suffer an eclipse, or at least be shorn of much of her power. The Stars and Stripes, and not the tri-color, would fly from the house-tops, and *la mère patrie* would sink, in a few years, to a memory of

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the past, when Britain allowed her French colony to do what it pleased, say what it liked, and think what it had a mind to, without uttering a protesting word. Annexation may be the Dominion's political destiny, but it will not be French Canada which will benefit the most by the change of flag and of constitution.

GEORGE STEWART.

THE GOOD-GOVERNMENT CLUBS.

THE importance of the so-called Good-Government Clubs of New York City, as factors in solving the problem of municipal reform, cannot now be denied. Their growth has been so rapid, and the position which they occupy, with relation to the two great national party organizations in the city of New York, is so little understood by the outside public, that it may interest the readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to learn something of these clubs and the results they confidently expect to achieve.

In the first place, it should be understood that the Good-Government Clubs are local organizations, composed of voters in the city of New York, who desire to obtain for their city permanent reform in its government. They derive their membership from all classes and are strictly non-partisan, so far as national politics are concerned. Each club is designated by a letter of the alphabet, and has its headquarters in some particular ward or assembly district of the city. The members residing in a district belong to the club of that district, and such members as may from time to time change their residence are transferred to the club covering the district into which they may move. Each club has its own constitution and board of officers, the constitutions of all the clubs being similar as to their fundamental principles. The members are elected and pay an entrance fee and annual dues. No one is eligible to membership who does not sincerely subscribe to the principles of the Good-Government Clubs.

All the clubs so far organized are banded together under what is known as the Constitution of the Confederated Good-Government Clubs. This constitution provides for a permanent central committee, called a Council, composed of representatives chosen annually by the clubs in the confederation. The powers of this council are prescribed by the constitution, and are confined to dealing with such matters as affect the whole of the city of New York. This leaves to each club complete autonomy in dealing with matters affecting its especial district, and encourages, as well as strengthens, local pride. Several of the clubs already occupy comfortable clubhouses, and everything is done to promote social intercourse among the members. There is a wide diversity in the methods pursued by the clubs in strengthening their organization in their respective districts. They are governed more or less by the conditions and requirements of the locality in which the club may be situated. The work of organizing clubs is still going on in districts of the city not already covered, and the present indications are that by the autumn there will be at least one Good-Government Club in every one of the thirty districts of the city.

To all those who have carefully studied the subject of municipal government in the United States, and the causes that have produced the corrupt and wasteful methods of administration now prevailing in our cities, it has become most evident that "party politics" lies at the root of the evil. It will not be necessary for me to take up space here in setting forth the vari-

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ous facts and arguments leading up to this conclusion. Every disinterested student of political questions, since municipal reform first became a matter of public interest, has given his testimony to the same effect. The evidence produced before investigating committees has time and time again proved beyond all question that permanent reform in the government of our cities is an impossibility so long as this evil remains. Yet the ignorance, indifference, or partisanship of the average voter in our large cities has, up to this time, rendered futile all efforts on the part of would-be reformers to eliminate party politics in voting for municipal officers. At times when corruption and extravagance in the administration of our city government have become so flagrant as to arouse public sentiment to an exasperated pitch, the citizens have elected what were popularly known as "reform candidates." These "reform candidates" have, as a rule, been honest men, who assumed office with the sincere intention of giving good government to their city. In some few cases they have fulfilled this good intention, and so long as they have held office their administration has been honest, and corruption has been suppressed. In the vast majority of cases the so-called "reform candidates," on assuming office, have been able to do little or nothing in the way of bettering the prevailing state of affairs. In no case has there been any permanent reform accomplished by these spasmodic upheavals of public sentiment, and to-day we are still confronted with the question: What shall be done to secure permanent good government in our cities? The answer of the Good-Government Clubs is: No effort to secure permanent reform in our city government can ever be successful until the national party organizations, as such, shall keep their hands off municipal affairs, and the citizen shall cease to be bound by national party ties when voting for municipal officers. To pursuade the voters of New York city that this answer is theoretically true, and, having thus persuaded them, to induce them to act accordingly, are the chief purposes of the Good-Government Clubs. In other words, the founders of these clubs believe that securing reform legislation and electing good men to office will not, of themselves, be sufficient to secure permanent reform unless such good men are nominated and elected upon municipal issues alone, and without regard to the issues that divide the national parties. They further believe that through no local organization of a national party can this result be brought about, for the following reasons: 1st. Such organizations must necessarily be guided and controlled by party expediency in selecting a candidate for municipal office. 2d. Such candidate, however honest and able, must be more or less interested in, if not pledged to, the building up and strengthening of the organization that nominated and elected him. 3d. The citizen in voting for such a candidate is apt to be influenced more by the fact that he is the nominee of the national party to which such citizen may belong, than by any consideration of fitness in the candidate himself.

It may be objected that the above reasoning, if true, applies equally to all candidates for public office, whether municipal or national, and that the system of party nominations is a necessary incident to party government. While not denying this, I would point out that this system, which may be a necessary evil inseparable from our scheme of State and federal government, becomes a totally unnecessary and much greater evil when applied to municipal government. The issues upon which the two great national parties are divided are not the same as, and have legitimately no relation to, the local issues that should divide the citizens of a city. Under the pres-

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ent system of national party nominations, the citizen, in casting his vote for municipal candidates, is compelled to vote upon issues other than those affecting the best interests of his city, and in the name of party loyalty is asked to sacrifice the welfare of his city for the benefit of the national party to which he may belong.

It has often been asserted, and with truth, that municipal government is essentially a business, and should be conducted like any other large business. Legally every city is a corporation, with all the rights and liabilities of a corporation. In this its government differs fundamentally from our State and federal governments. Its interests as a corporate body are separate and distinct from those of the State, and should be kept so. How can this distinction be practically maintained, if its executive is chosen without regard to these interests, and its officers elected solely with a view to the bearing such election may have on State and national politics?

Convinced of the truth of this proposition, the Good-Government Clubs are organized for the purpose of persuading the public to accept it. Knowing that organization is essential to political success, they have determined to build up a permanent citizens' party, to the end that every voter having at heart the best interests of the city may, in voting for municipal candidates, be actuated solely by considerations of personal fitness in the candidate and the local issues he represents. That such a purpose is impossible of realization we do not believe. Every day is bringing home to the citizens of New York the plain fact that only by some such method can we hope to rescue our city from its present degradation. The wonderful, almost spontaneous, growth of these clubs in various sections of the city proves this.

At a recent convention of the Good-Government Clubs held in New York city sixteen clubs, aggregating a membership of five thousand, were represented by formally elected delegates. This convention adopted a platform setting forth the principles to which the clubs stood pledged, and ending with the following appeal:

"We earnestly appeal to all citizens to unite in support of these principles and in the election of officials who will administer the city government without reference to national party politics."

The Good-Government Clubs concern themselves solely with municipal affairs, and their members are at liberty to be as strongly partisan as they please in State and national politics. Lifelong Republicans and lifelong Democrats are working side by side in these clubs, with the single purpose of rescuing this city from the clutches of the national party organizations, and removing the administration of its affairs from the influence of party politics. When it is taken into consideration that the first of these clubs has been in existence for little over a year, and that most of them were organized within the last six months, the rapidity with which this idea of organized independence in municipal politics has spread is a most encouraging indication of the strength of the movement. That these clubs are powerful factors in the coming municipal campaign is even now admitted by the leaders of all political organizations, however much they may be opposed to our theories and deride our purposes. We are fully prepared to meet with defeat at first, and will not be discouraged should we be beaten at the polls next November. The Good-Government Clubs have come to stay.

PREBLE TUCKER,

Secretary of Council of the Confederated Good-Government Clubs.

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